





1971 shield

roy c. start high school

toledo, ohio

volume 9

book 1



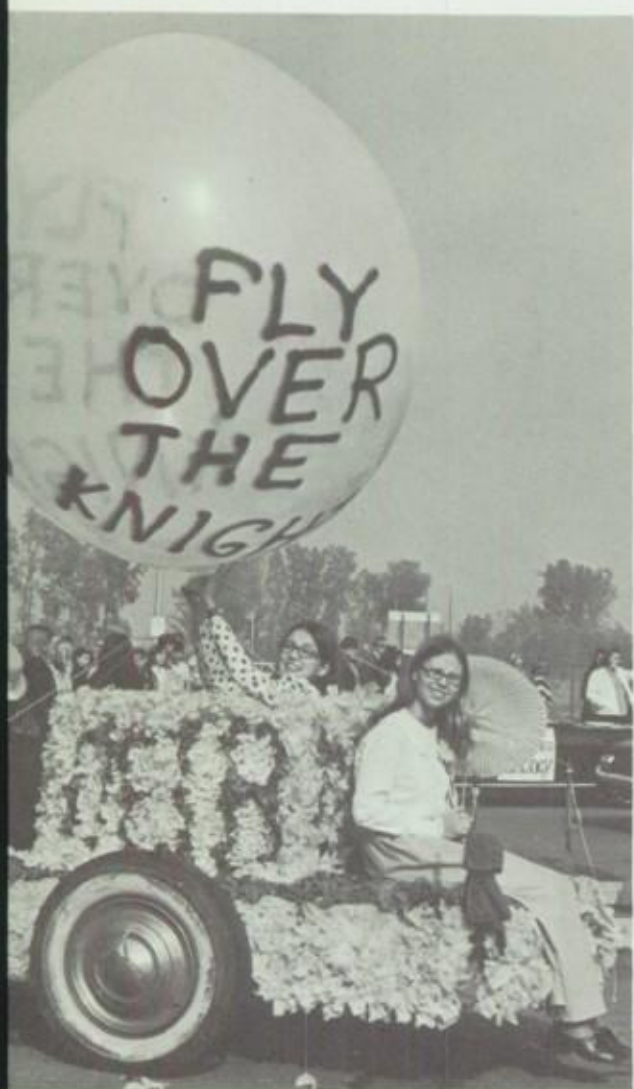
What would you call this?
 An epilogue?
 An apology to life?
 So much has happened to you . . .
 Maybe it doesn't seem real—
 not really happening to you—
 but it is.





life ...



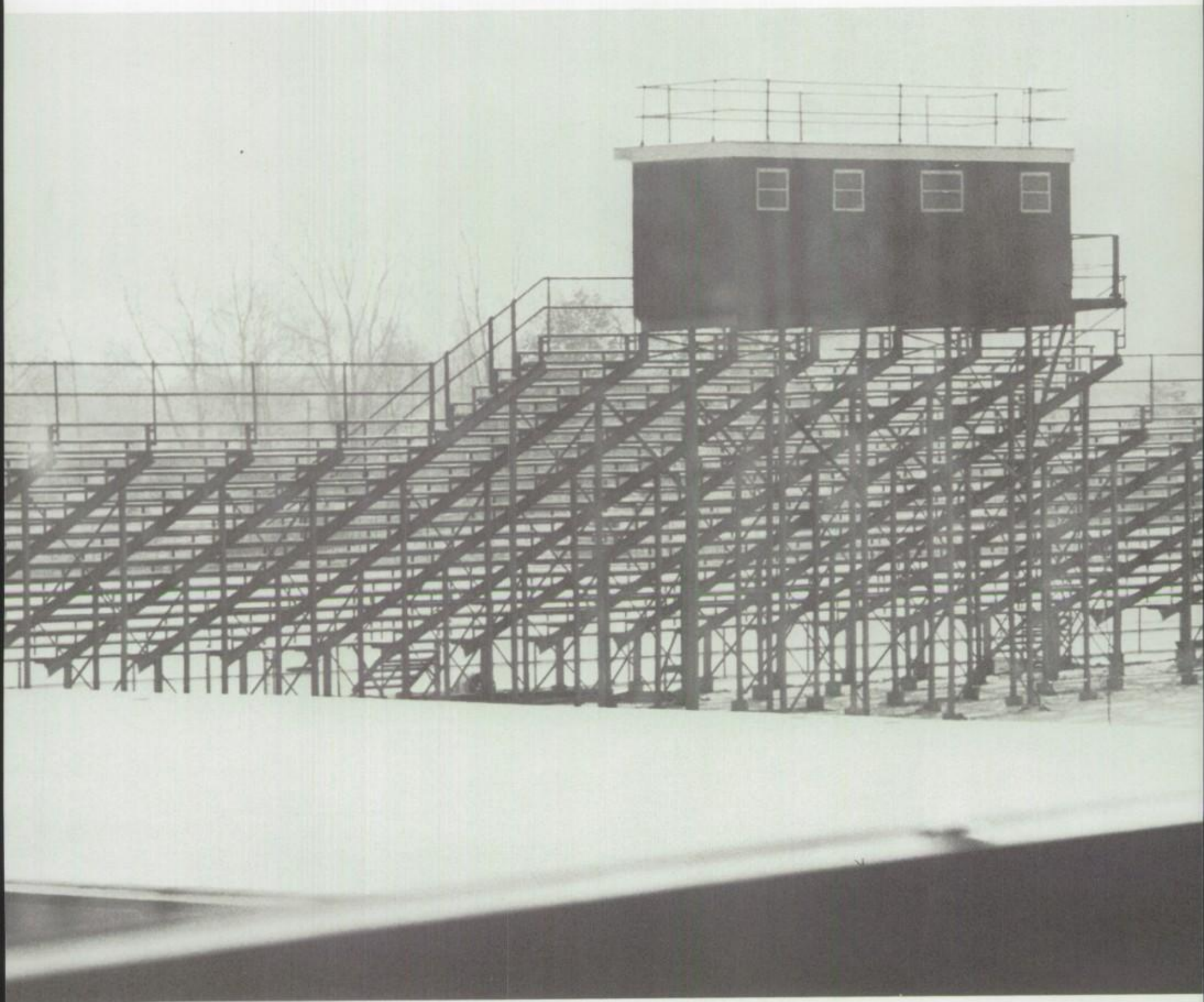






A year of greater disappointments
than you've ever experienced;
they are buried now . . .
You may look back and
see all the things you have learned—
not only academically—
things equally as important, though.
Expressing yourself, understanding yourself . . .
You find yourself relating to others—
unique individuals.



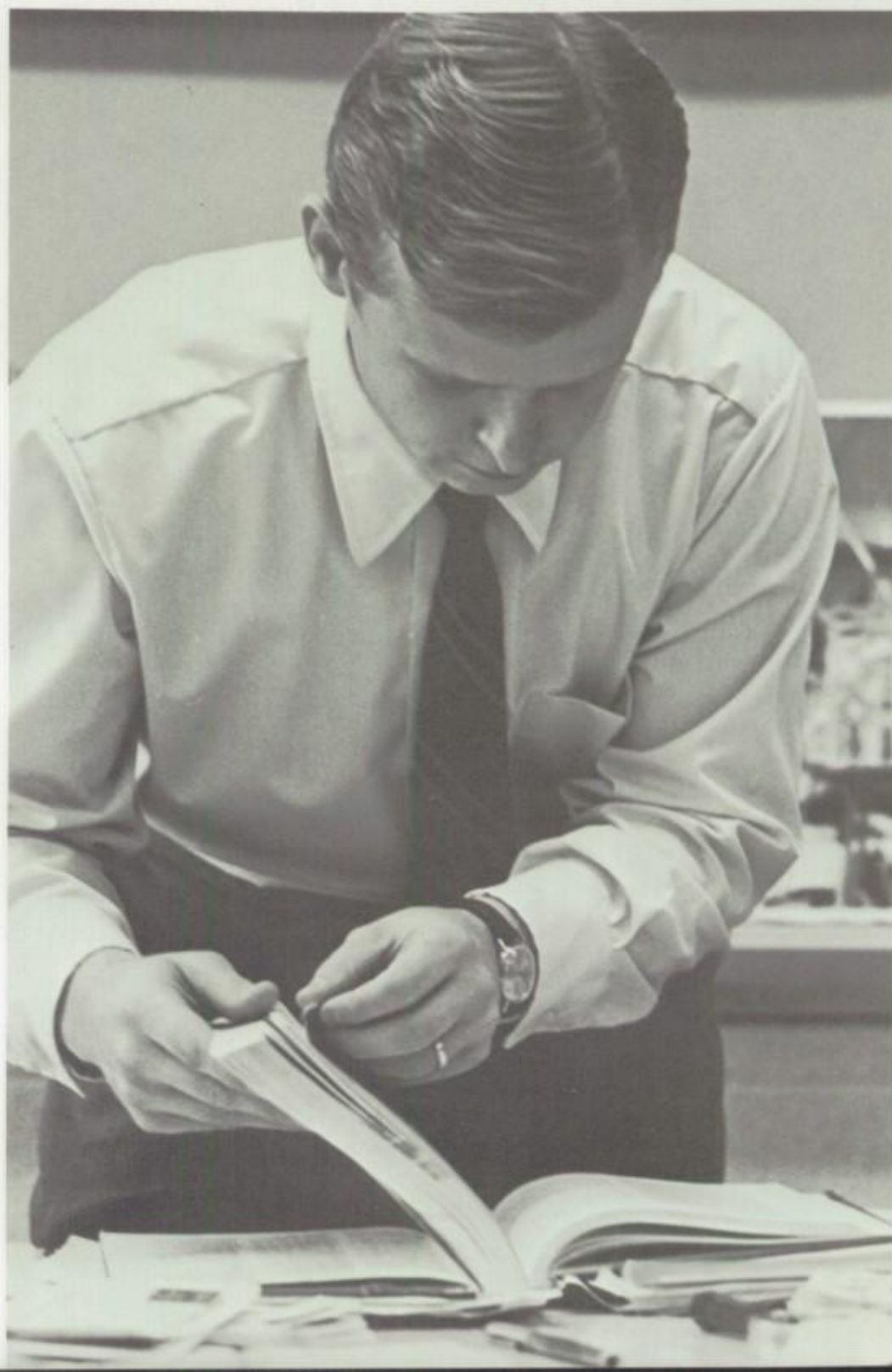




Discovering the value of a good,
really good friendship . . .
Realizing the fortune of a teacher who cares,
a friend who listens,
someone who loves—
all beyond compare . . .
You are awakening to the rest of the world—
people revolving around you,
people you revolve around.
There is now an open field to run through—
racing with life.
Apprehensive?



ready to begin . . .







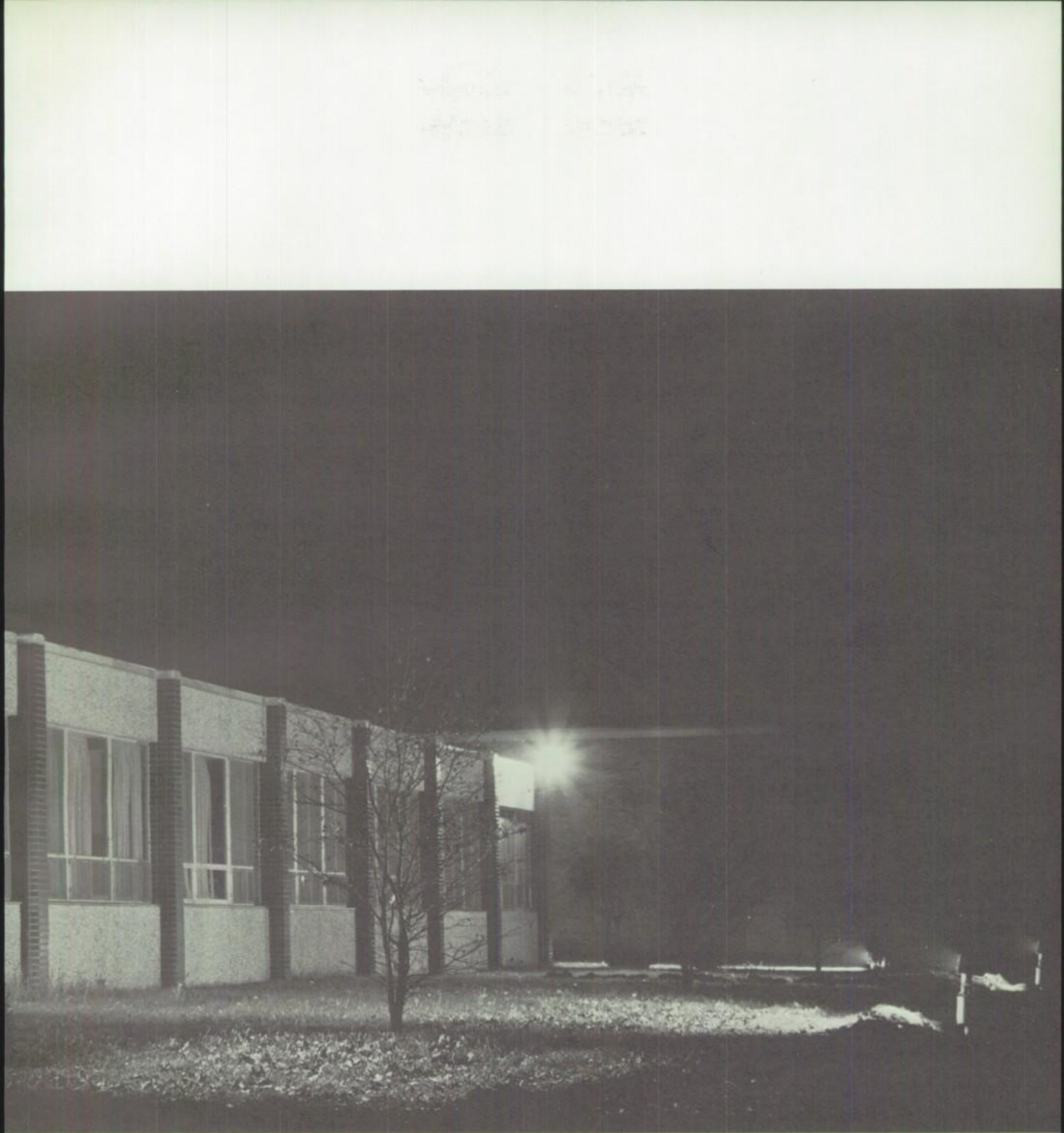


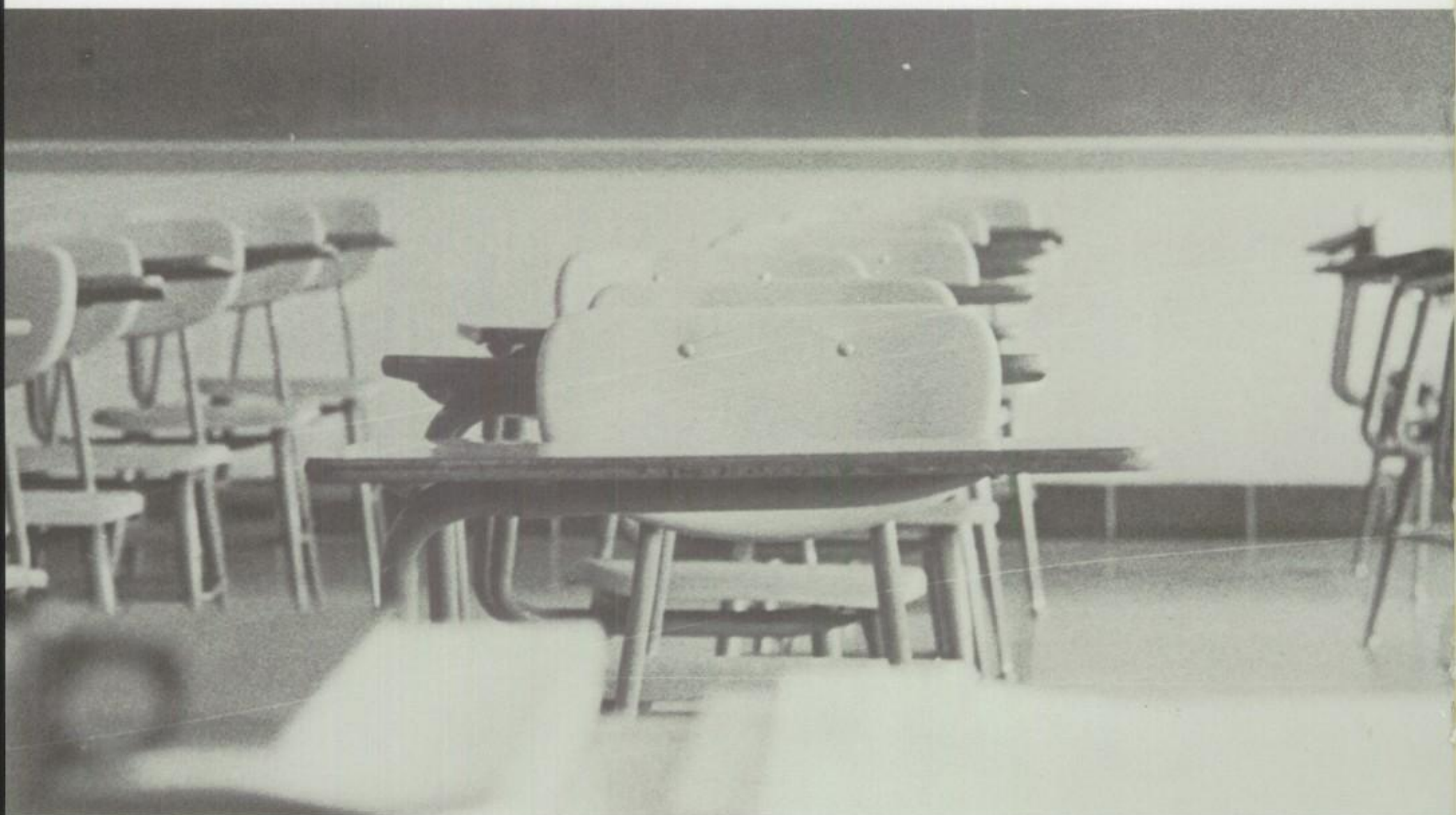
Many thoughts and dreams
seize your undecided mind.
Your soul is enveloped
by apathy and indifference.
You do not care
because no one else does . . .
But as long as you are
still dreaming,
the inconceivable future
is awaiting your discovery.
What appears black and forbidding
may someday glow with promise . . .
the clouds over hidden opportunity
will part
to reveal untried expectations.
As your soul
begins to breathe
your restricted reason
broadens its reach.
Grasping new ideas,
you build character in your thoughts.
As the irretrievable past
slips away unnoticed
you look only towards tomorrow.
Expecting the worst,
it appears—
pressure, routine
clinging to your soul,
but absorb the richness of earth.
Let the relevance of virtue
accompany your inner growth.
**a tree is born, it grows, it dies,
but a forest can go on forever.**

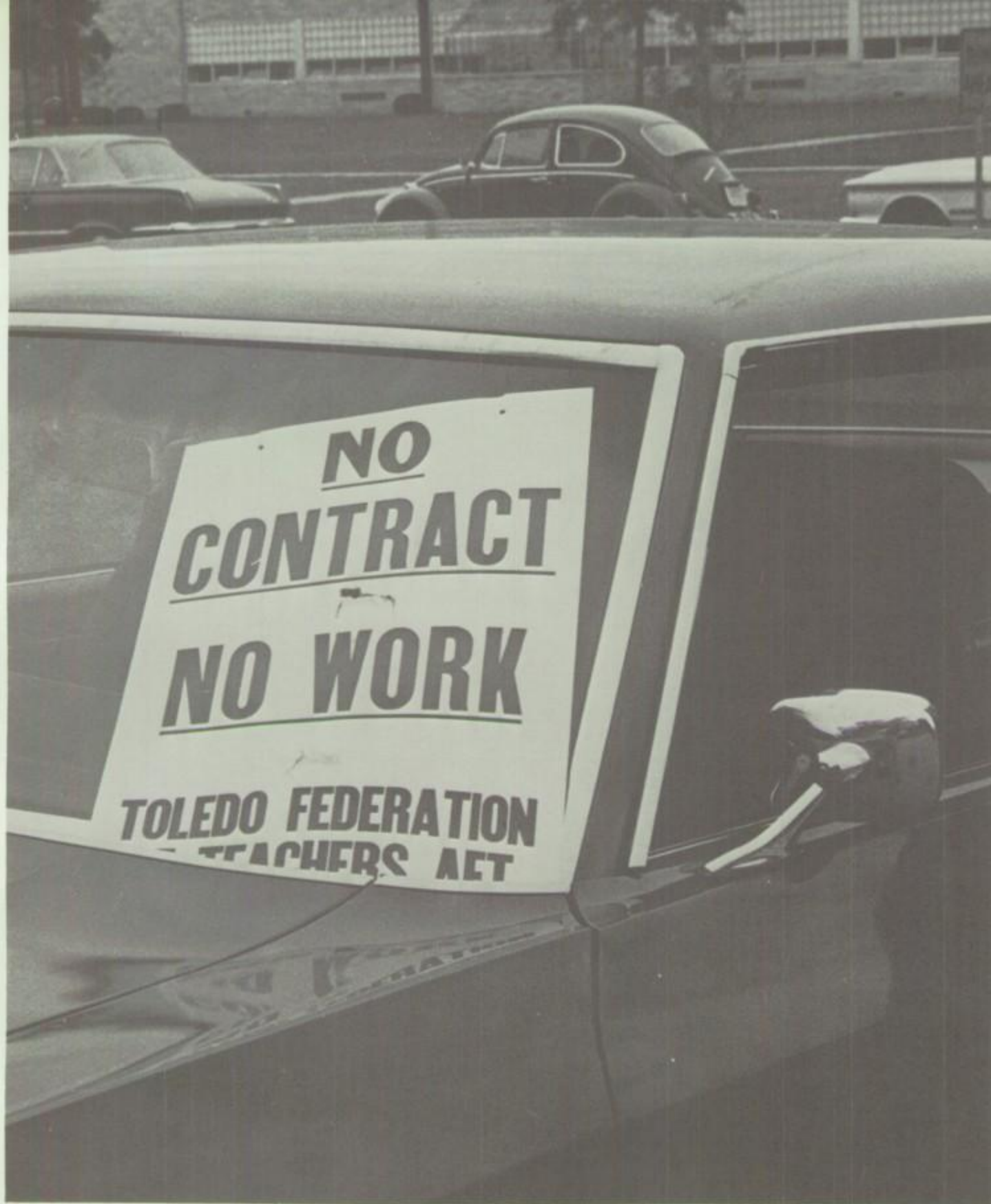


student life	2
dimensions	42
academics	98
organizations	126
athletics	172
classes	182
seniors	214
advertising	241









teachers' strike

To be born free,
to do what you feel is best,
to live . . .

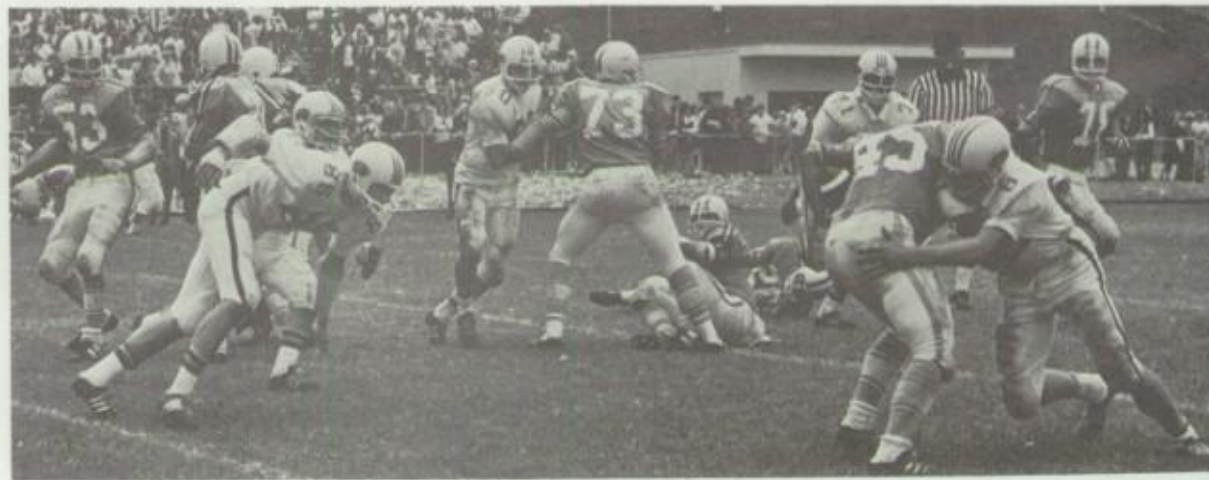
To create a sense of courage . . .

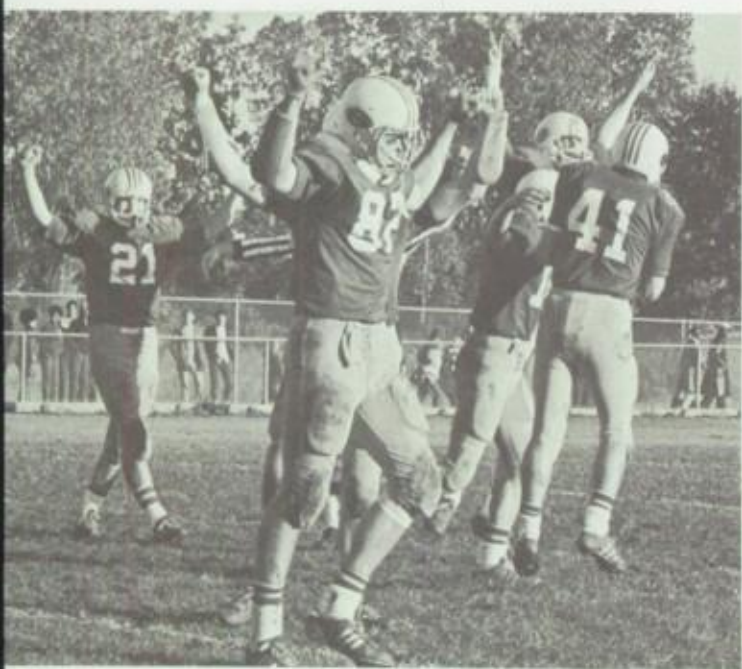
Freedom—the absence of individual castigation.

Right—privilege, condition of existence.

You have been given these rights . . .

Strength—power of the people to dissent,
power to remain silent,
power to build humanity . . .





varsity football

Football—what is it?
Man against man, team against team?
No, it's much more.
It is an individual working and fighting
to see how far he can go,
how much he can take,
how good he really is.

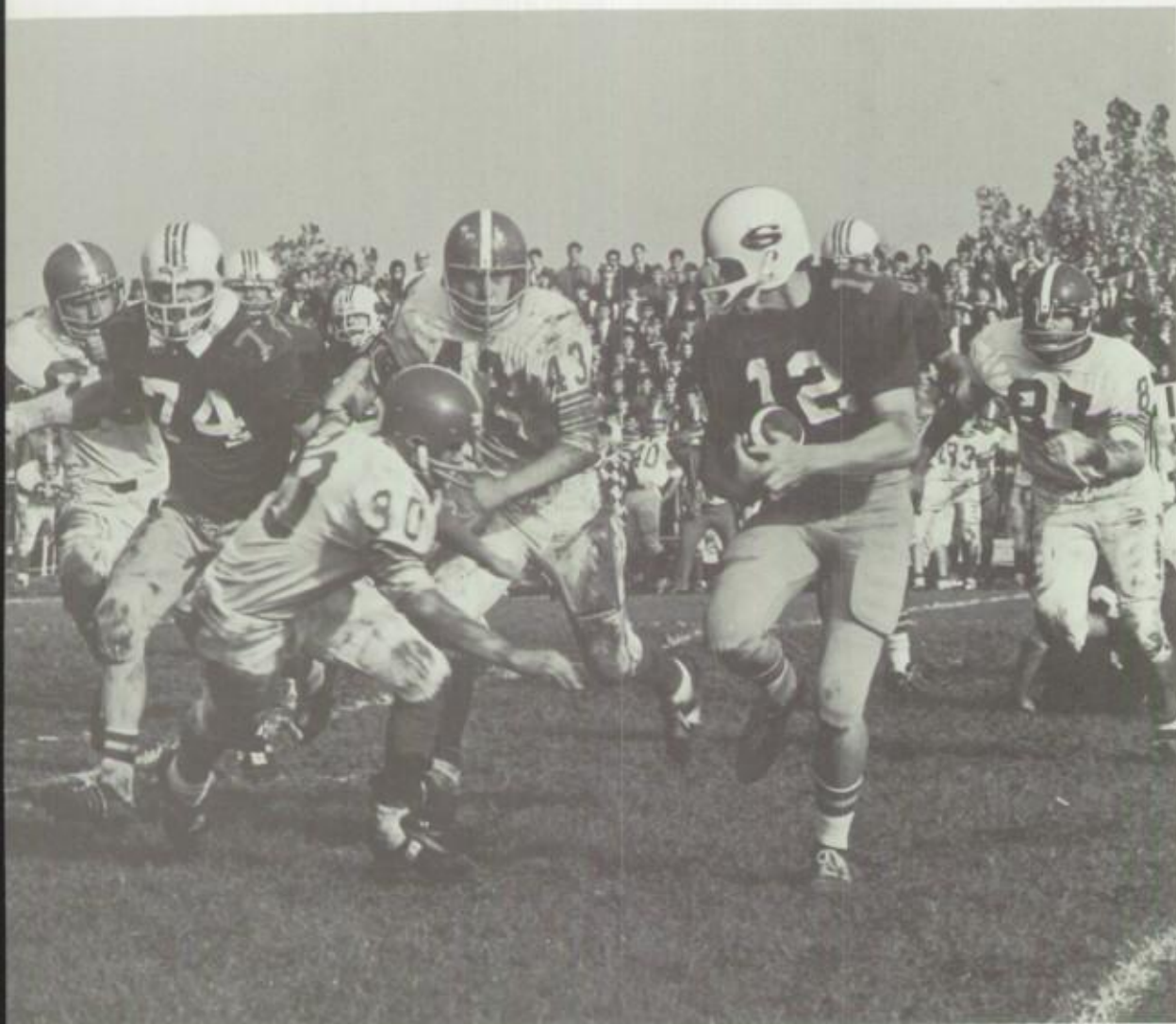
This year Start had its first successful
football season
in three years under head
coach Dan Simrell.

The team started out with victories over
Lima Senior, Waite and Woodward.
Jeff Wysocki, Barry Roberts,
Mike Conti, and junior Dan Valasek
were chosen first team
in the Blue Division.

Other Spartans who received awards were
Rick Tolland, Spartan MVP;
Dave Chamberlain, scholastic athlete;
and again Mike Conti who
received the coach's award.

Next year's Spartans are expected
to be a threat
with ten lettermen returning,
although favorite Coach Dan Simrell
will be leaving for a better position.







homecoming 1970



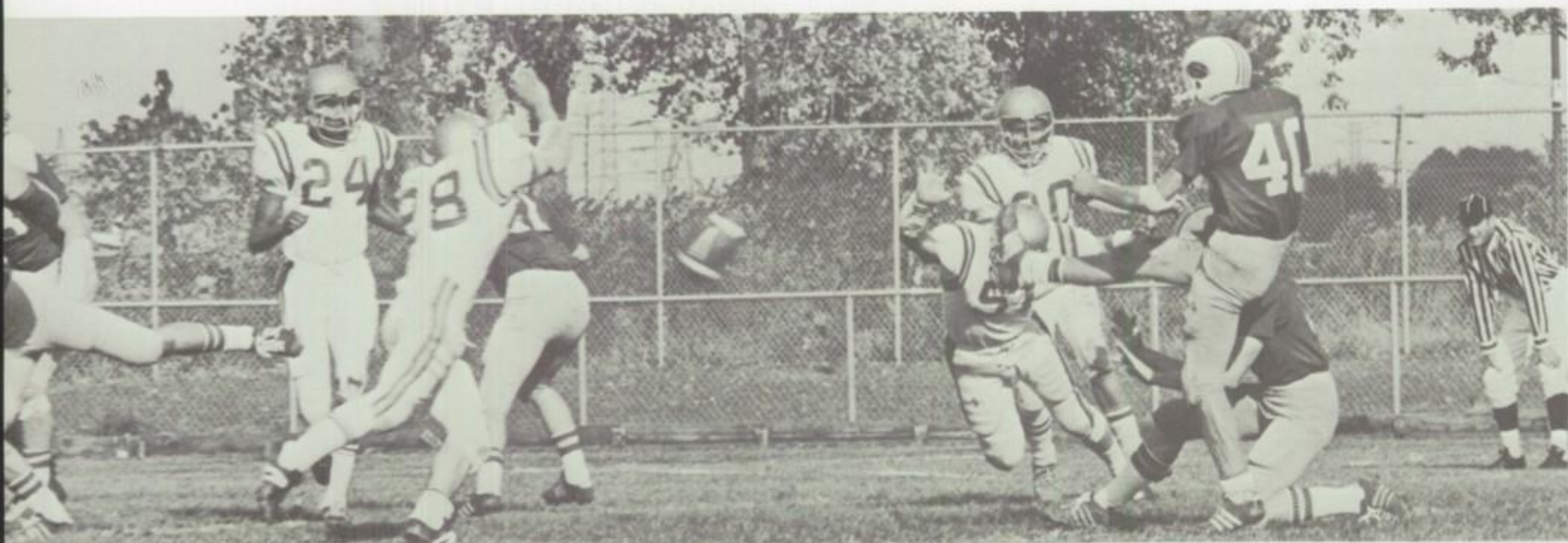


gay old nineties

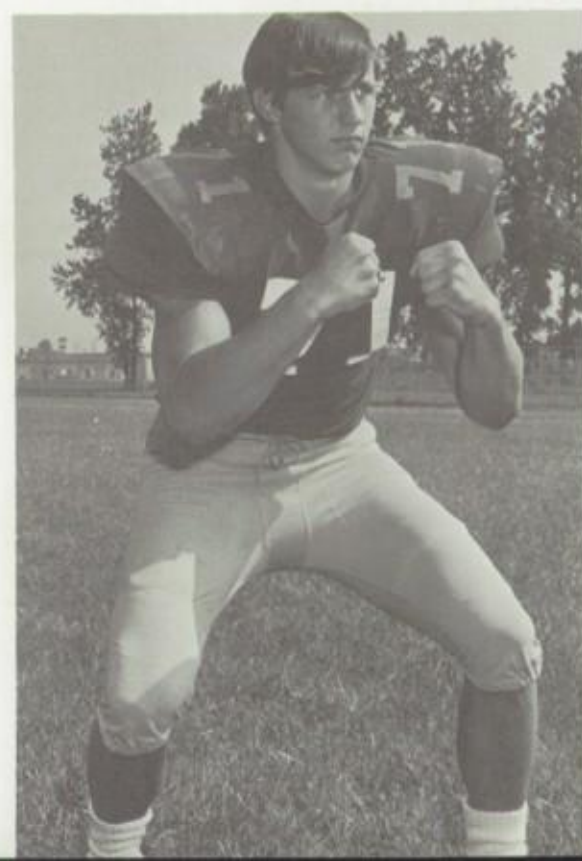
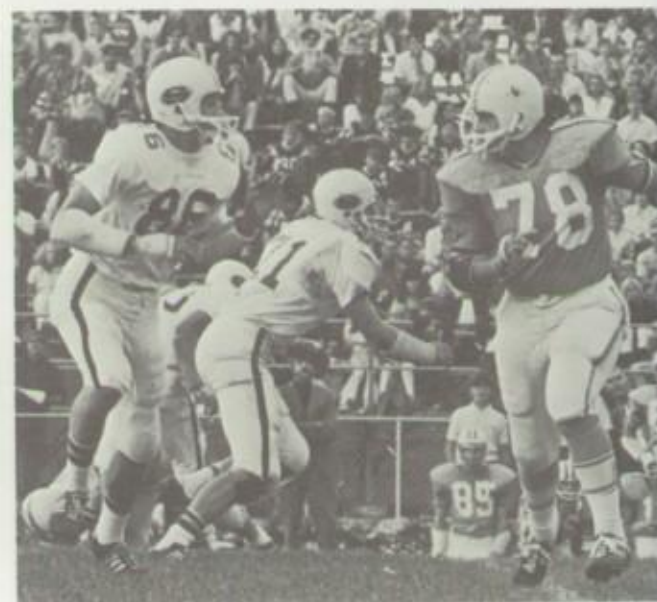
Gay Old Nineties . . .
 Gazebo,
 Green Grass . . .
 Candy Shop, white paint,
 The yellow truck.
 Tears, joy, success . . .
 Red, orange, yellow . . .
 Tape, tape and more tape.
 Budget.
 Michelob bottles.
 Tug, pull, push, and stretch.
 Weeks of work and planning
 for cherished moments . . .





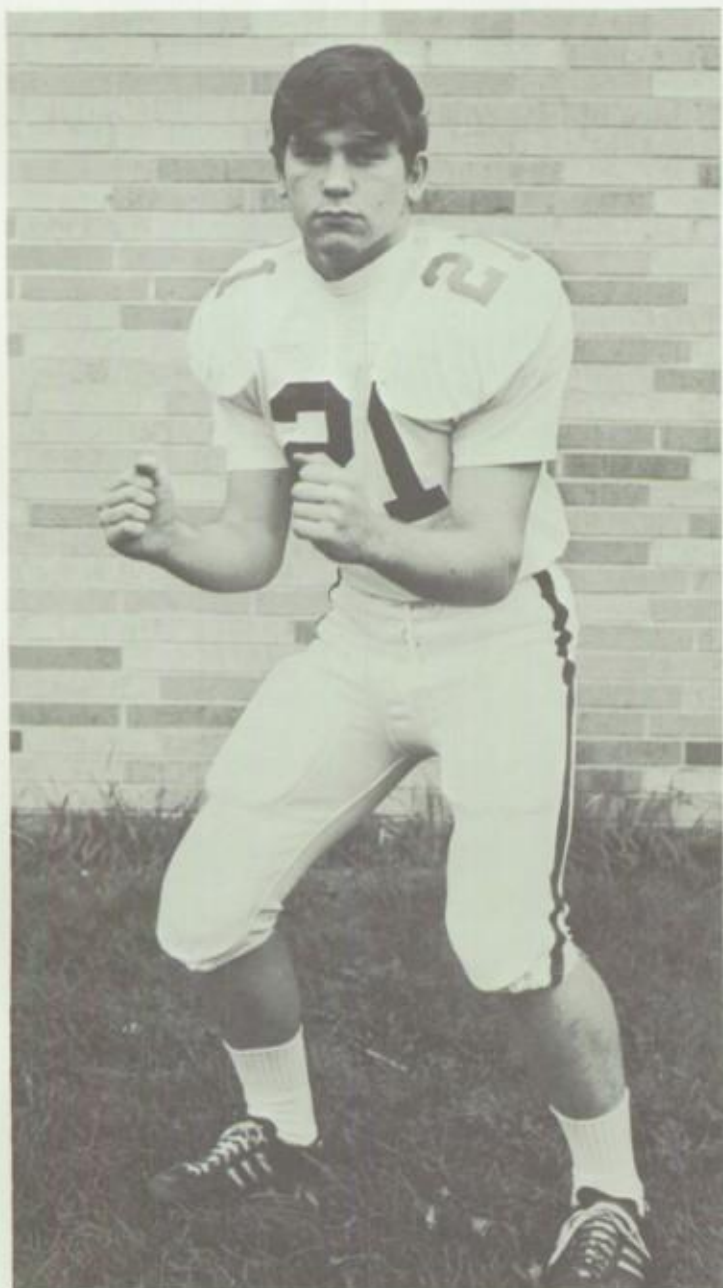


Barry Roberts—All City

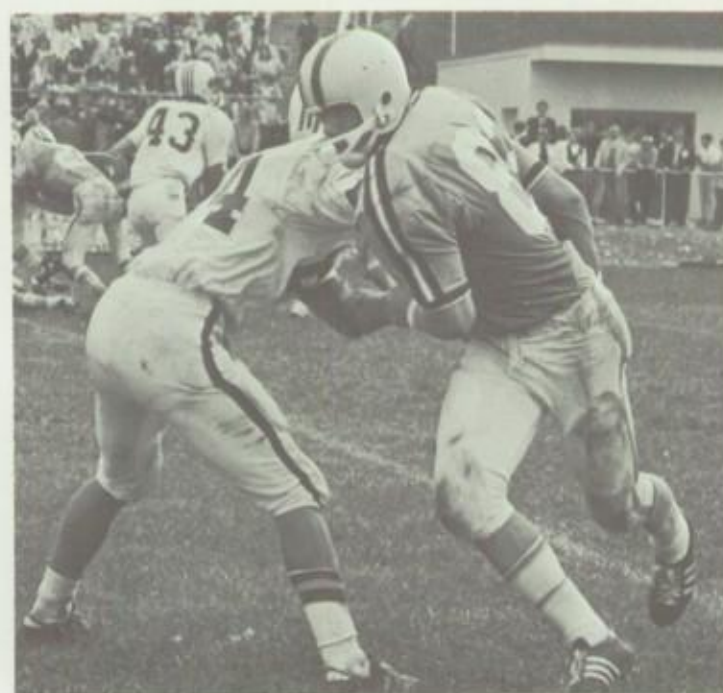


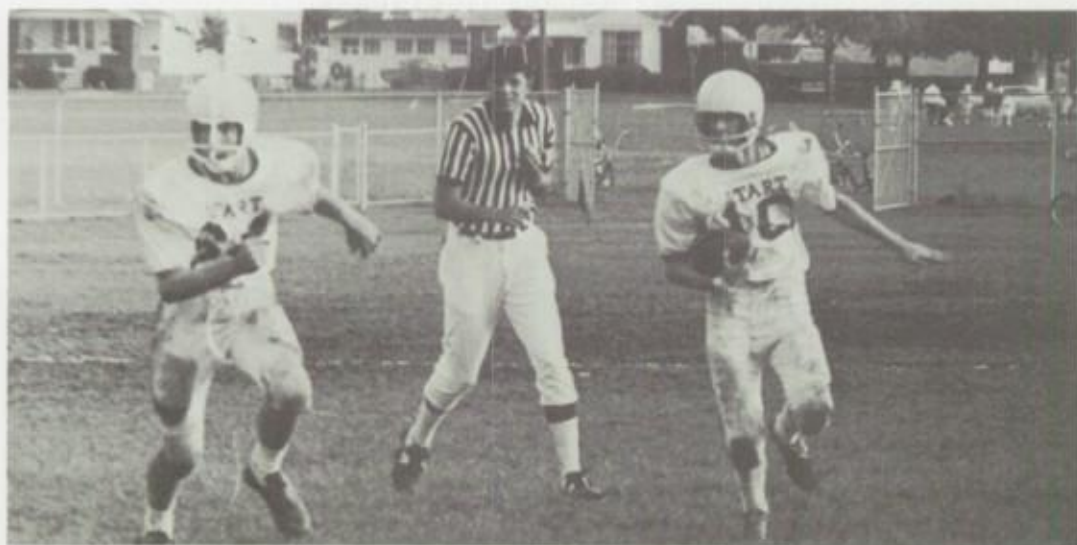
Jeffery Wysocki—All City

Daniel Valasek—All City

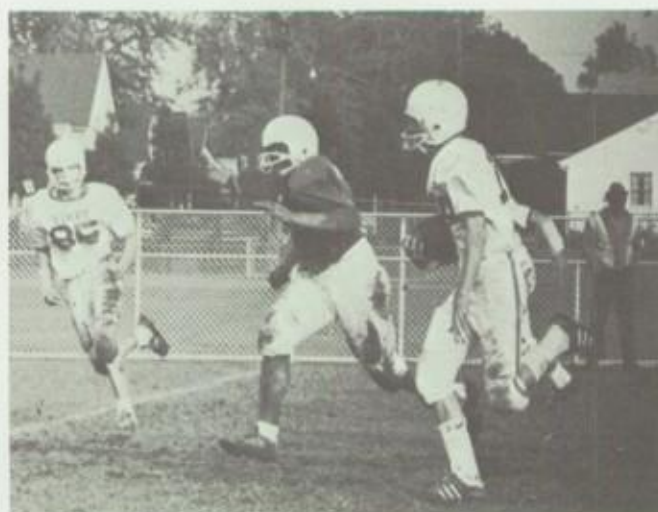


Michael Conti—All City





j.v. and frosh football





the rock

Phone calls, begging, two years . . .
 They blew it up?
 Thanks to W. B. and Mr. Marlow and H.P.F.
 Jeffer's crane, the nylons ran,
 layers and layers of paint, waiting in the rain.
 What's a Spirit Rock?
 On the way home from Ann Arbor . . .
 Zip Line didn't even know!
 What did it cost?
 Oh, three bottles of scotch . . .
 The tip from the Sideliners.
 Saturday morning the trucks roll in . . .





Miss Pat Long



Miss Susan Kemp—1970 Homecoming Queen



Miss Beverly Boehler

queens 1970

No sleep, tears, tension,
anticipation ...
Friends, butterflies, dreams ...
Pep assembly,
Christmas concert
in the auditorium ...
Waiting, waiting ...
An armful of roses,
a crown,
a dream becomes reality ...



Miss Kathy Kramer



Miss Colleen Maloney



Miss Barbara Pickering



Miss Kathy Kramer—1970 Christmas Queen



Miss Cristie Ingram



Miss Pat Long

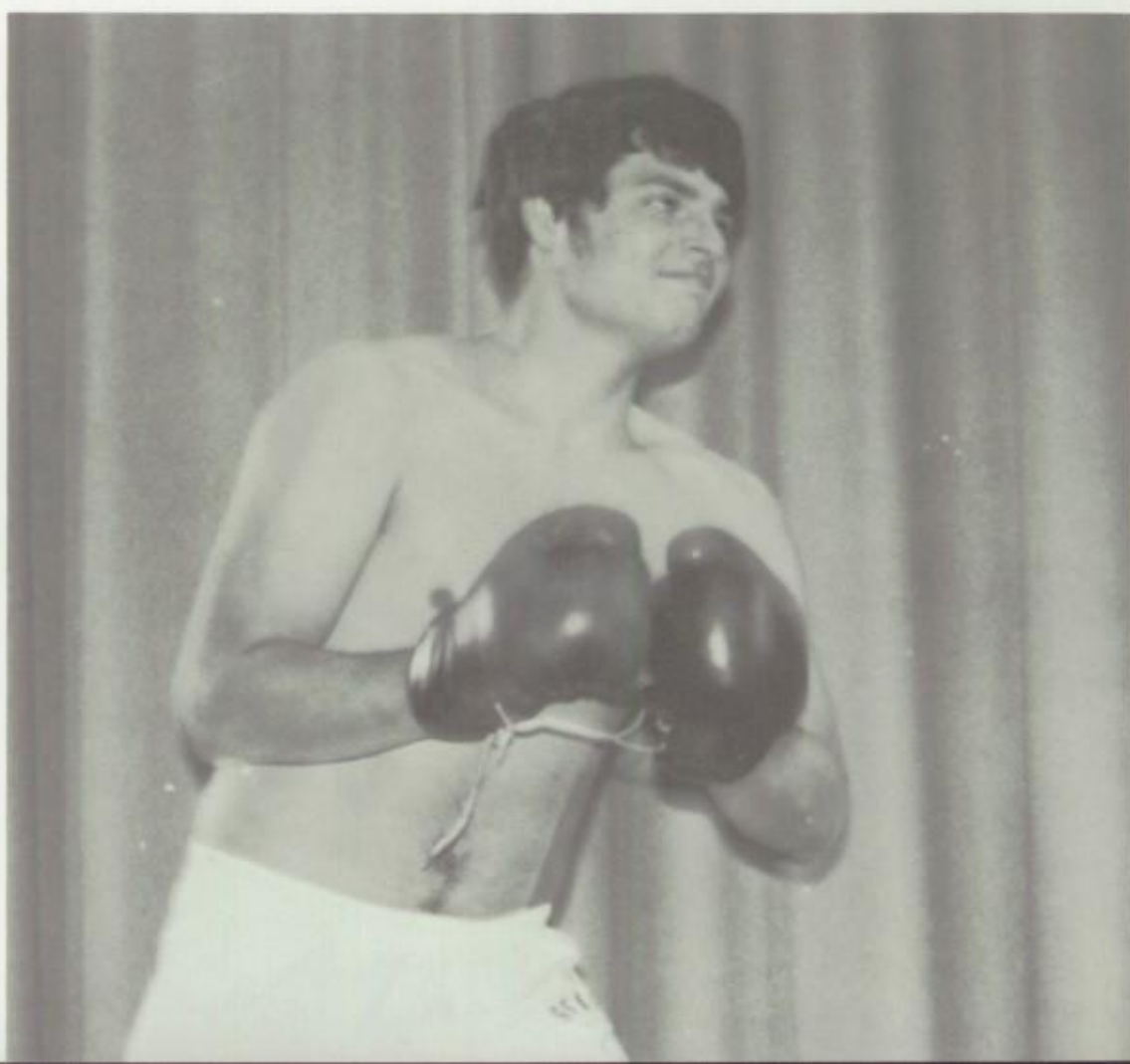


Miss Jan Hoffmann



magazine drive

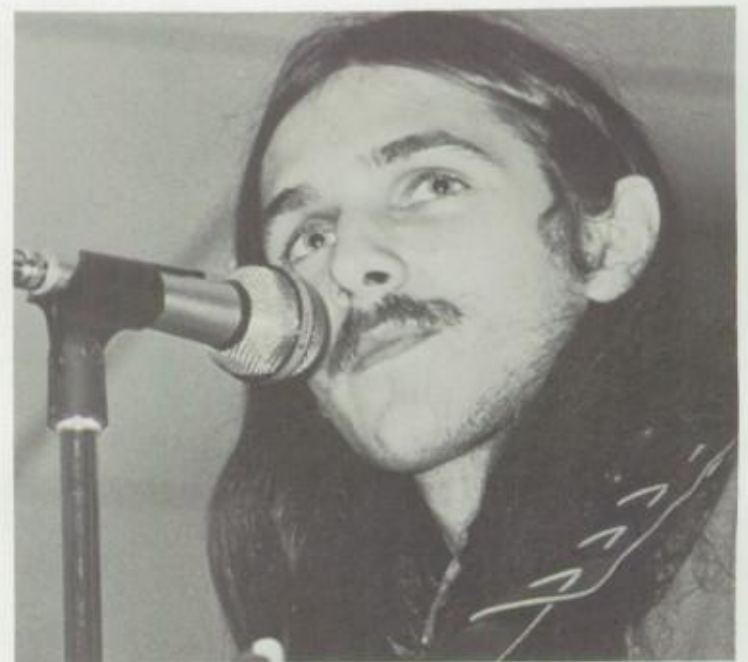
Toad wrote the skit!!
 Skit practice after school—
 tonight and tomorrow morning.
 I want to be a hillbilly!
 We need eight people in the first row,
 five in the second row,
 and Diane is in row three!
 Picking prices, and
 working the crazy adding machine.
 Yes, money and records have to agree!
 Runner!
 Tony Packo's Hot Dog's are good!
 SBG receives \$340 for their efforts.

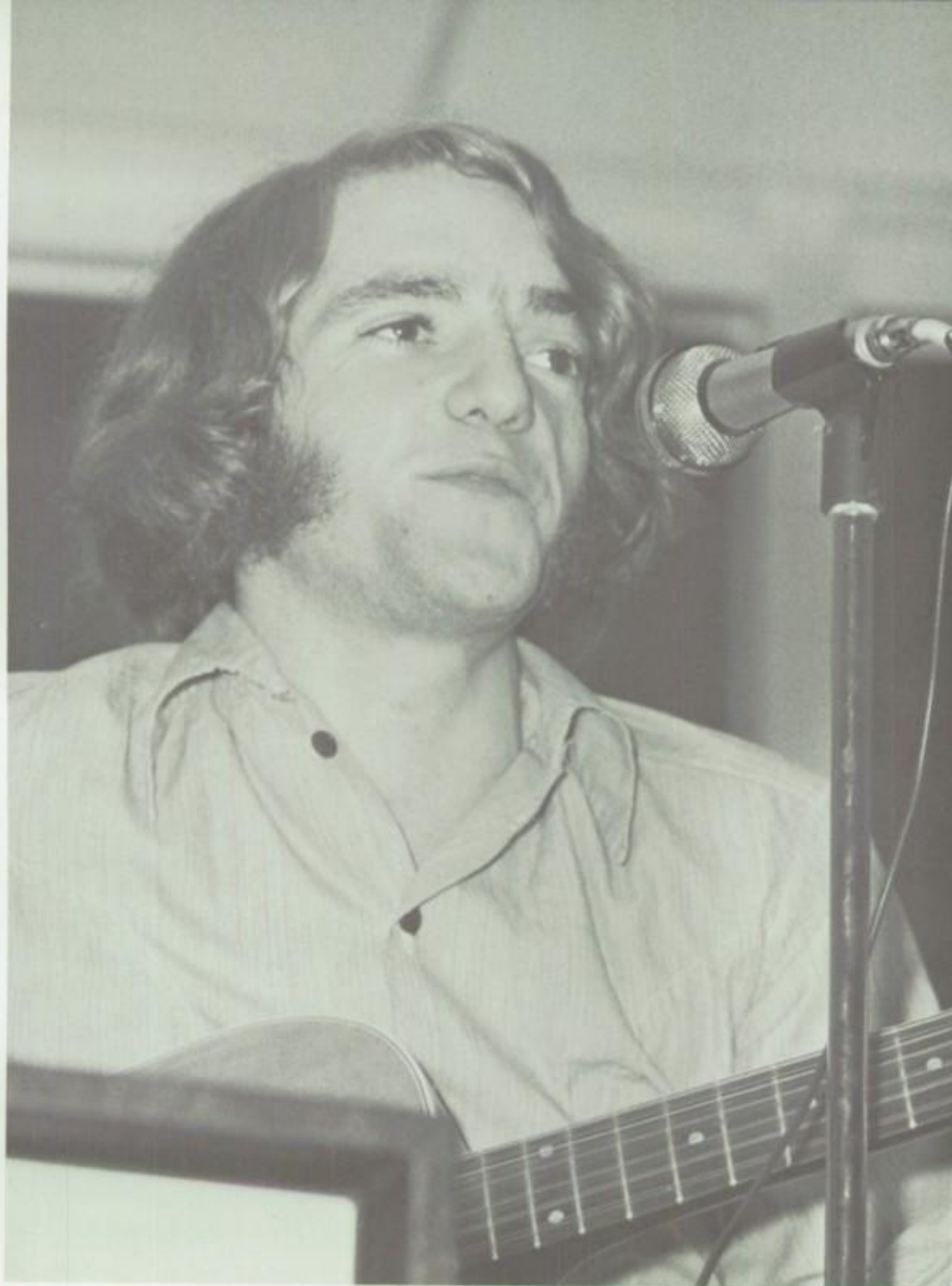




senior fun night

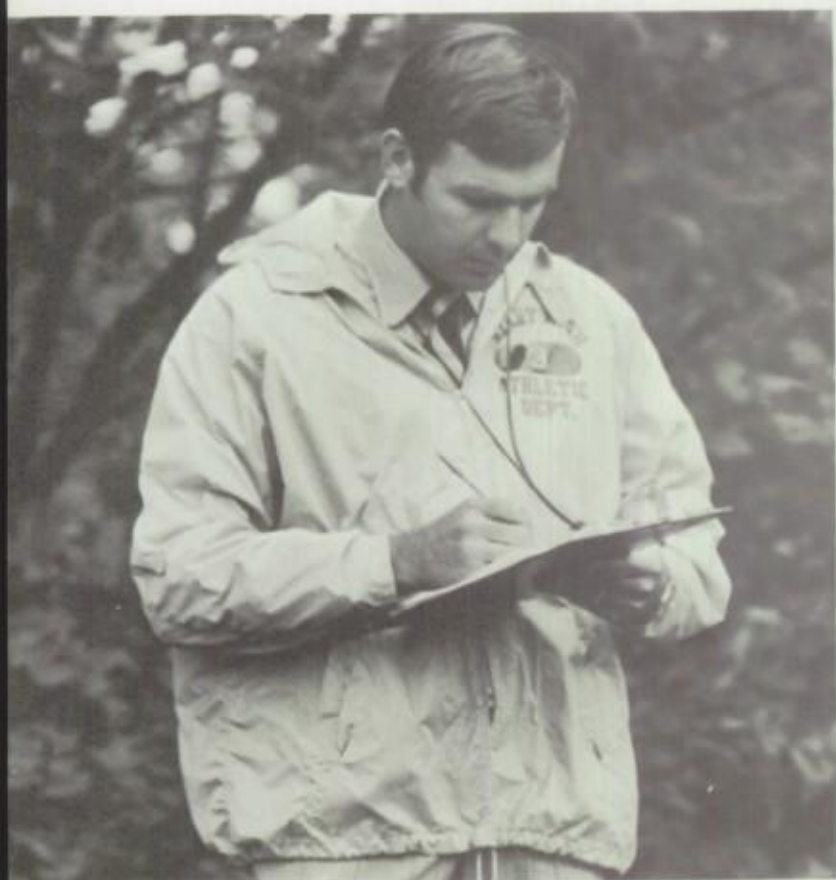
Senior "FLOP" Night ...
Apathy ...
Open to the school ...
"Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young" ...
Jim Stein,
Lothar, and
Shortnin' Bread ...
Start High Quartet ...
Blankets and cider and donuts ...





pep assemblies

Planning and many hectic days.
 Fight Song, the coaches, the Shoe . . .
 Last minute changes,
 the band,
 teams . . .
 Worries, skits,
 cheerleaders,
 and watching the crowd . . .
 the Alma Mater . . .



Michael Rabideau—All City



cross country

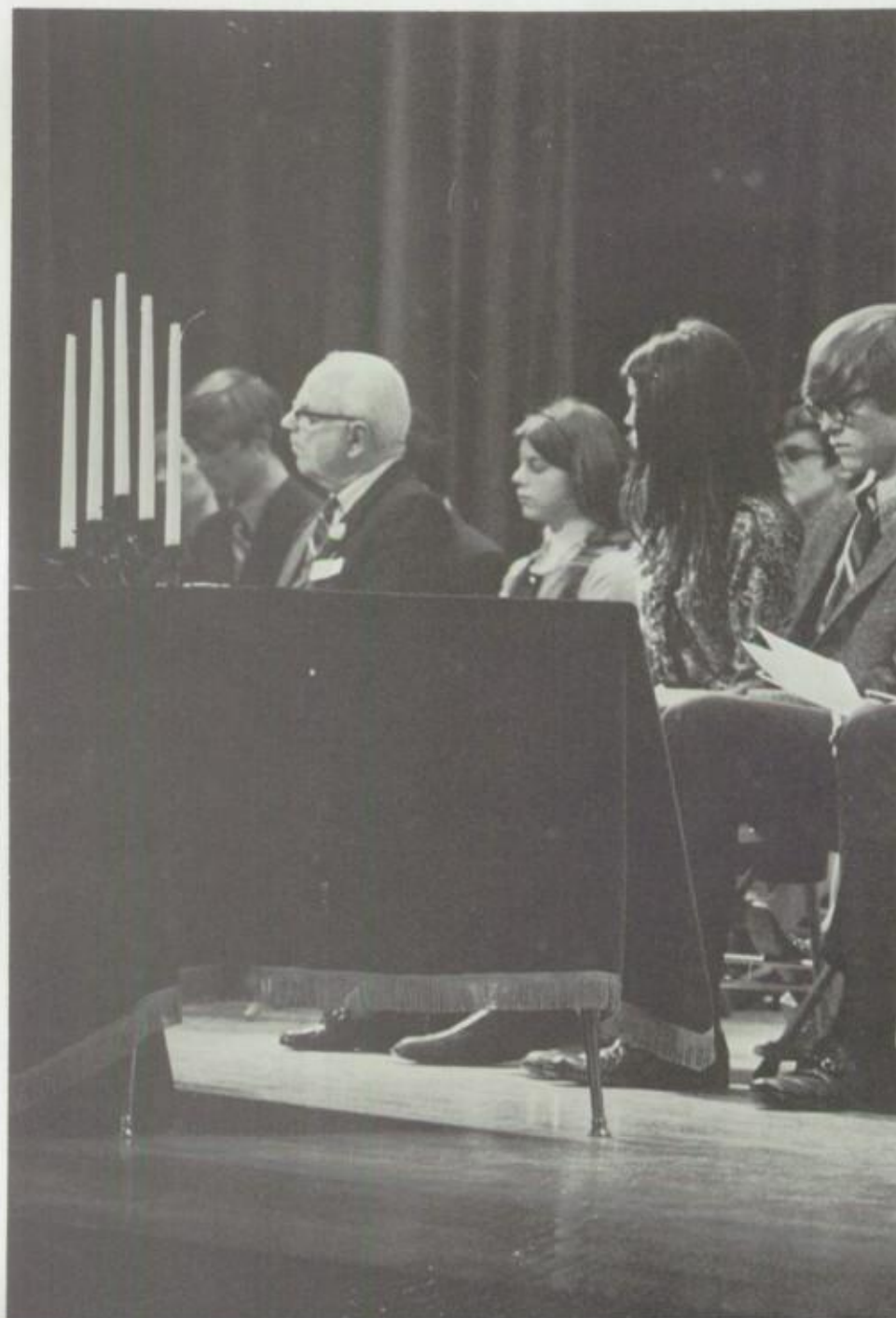
Running, running,
I must win, I must catch the leader.
My head aches, my lungs feel as if they will burst,
my muscles respond like sponge when I tell them to move.
But I must win, I must be first, I must be the best,
for there is no gain without pain.
For Coach Koch and his harriers it was the best season ever
for Starts cross country team. They were led all the way to
districts by Mike Rabideau, John Carr and others.
They finished third in the city behind two of the states top teams.
Mike represented Start on the city's first team while John made second.
Mark Tiller received the scholastic award and Rabideau captured
the MVP award.

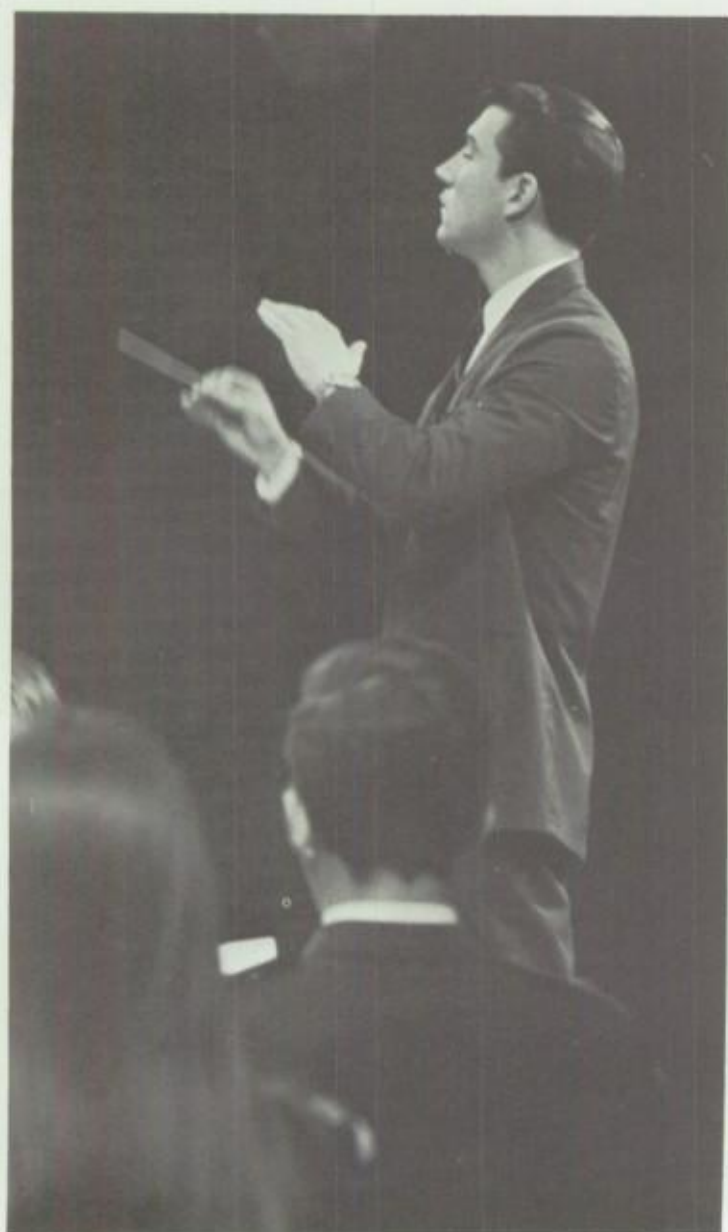




n.h.s. inductions

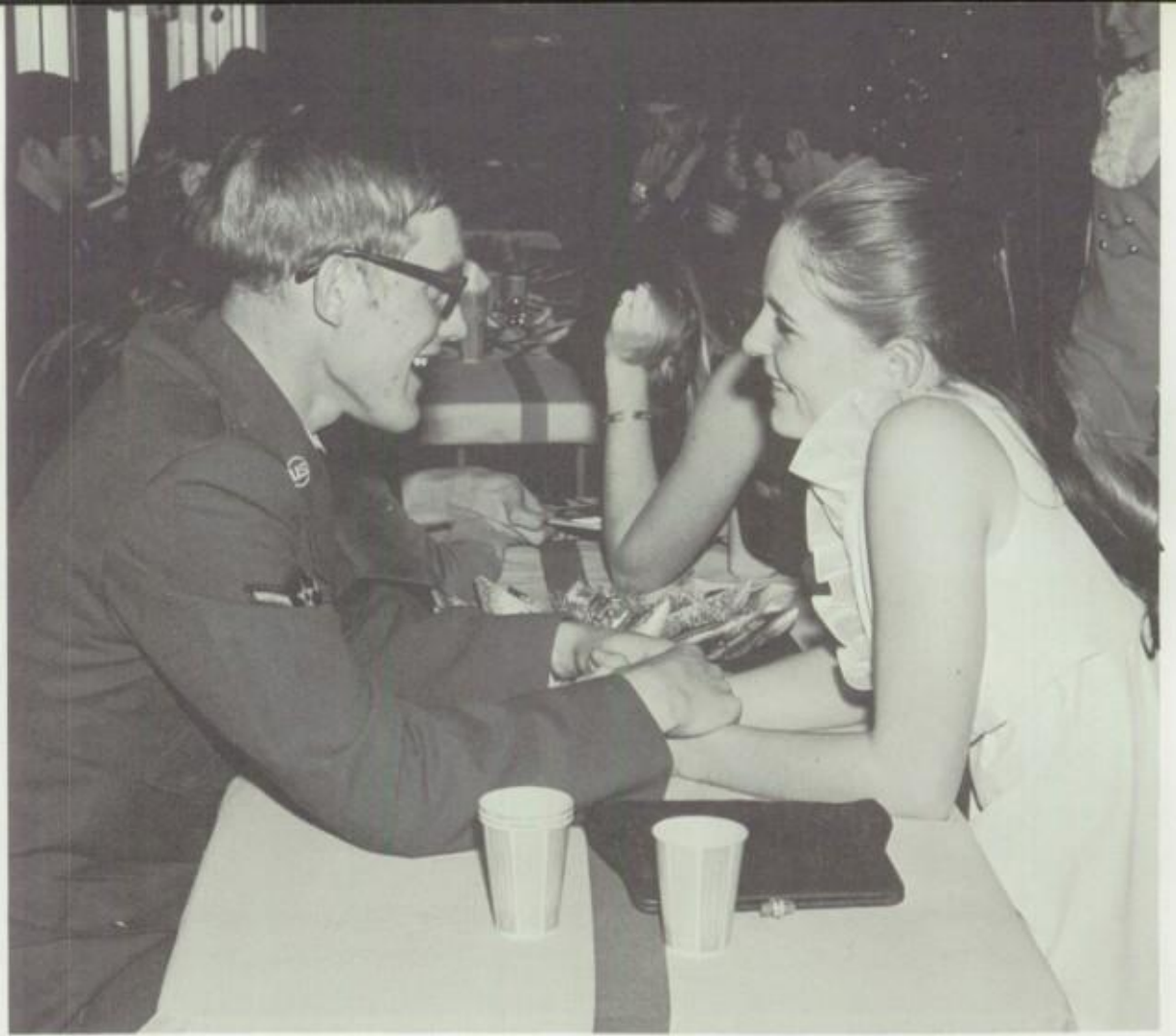
Anticipation, desires . . .
 Enveloped by the strained quiet.
 A roll call of names—special names—
 representing unique abilities.
 Dimmed lights,
 glimmering candles,
 and long stemmed roses . . .
 Deserving merit, a respected pride—
 the worth of praise.





concerts

The tuba's set up. The clarinets commence.
 Who forgot the rag? Everyone's arranged.
 Someone stole my pads!
 The trombones triumph. What's a trombone?
 This is serious bizmuss?
 And don't get worried—Wally faints!!!
 Shakey solos, Allegretto just died . . .
 Alla Barocco.
 Rocked Right,
 to all a good night,
 and it was out of sight!



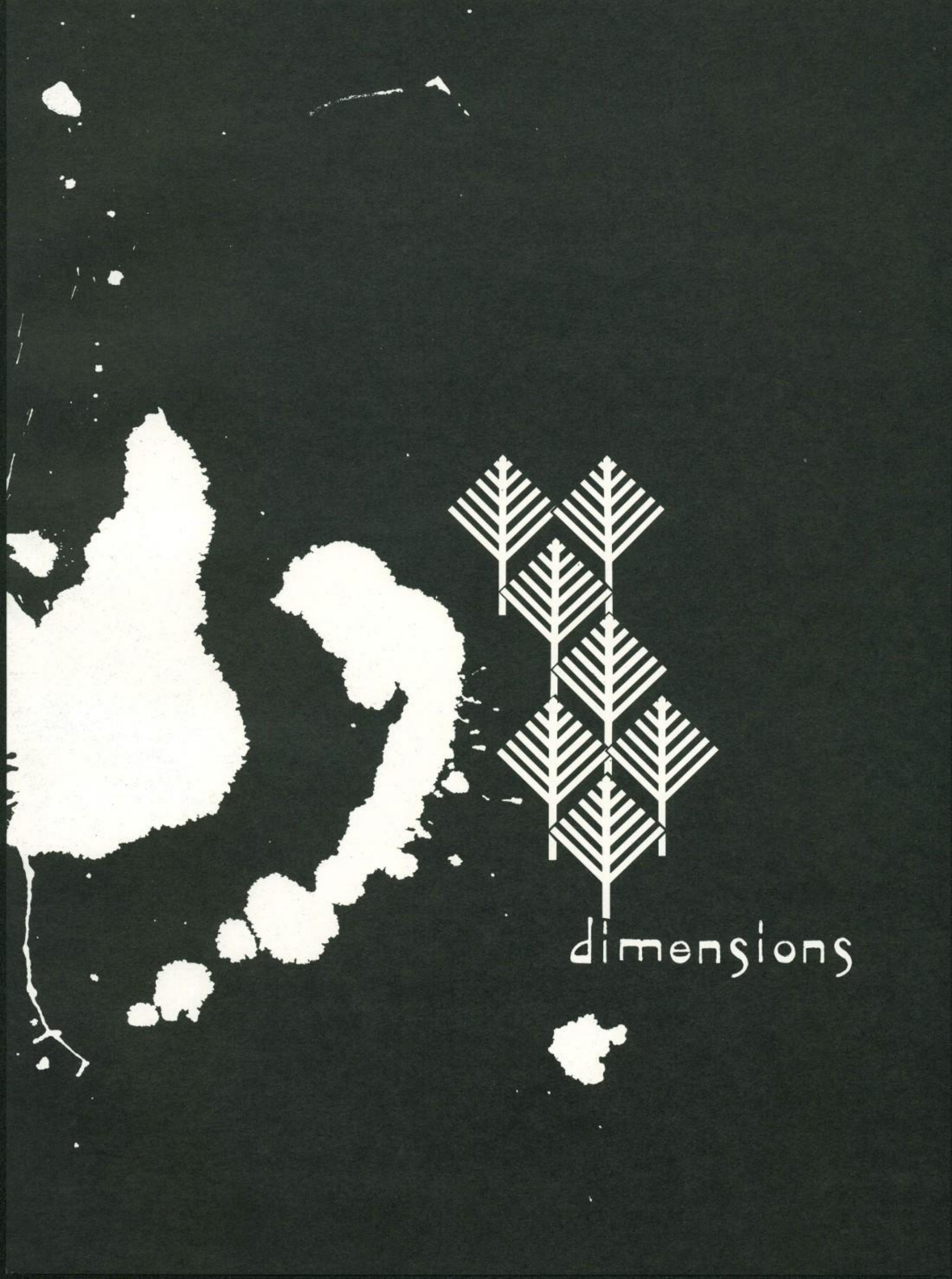
shades of christmas

Main Hall!!!?
 Green, green, green . . .
 IBM wreaths and spray paint and snow . . .
 Brushes?? Molded, messy styrofoam trees.
 Centerpiece disasters, two extra roses . . .
 Tea at meetings, silly fights.
 Dresses and no dates,
 holly headdresses, last minute decorating,
 6:45 arrivals, not enough tables . . .
 Special thanks . . .
 The only Christmas present.









dimensions



david o'neil
junior

gail johnson
senior

The sun was a slice of lemon
In the overturned punchbowl sky.
A cloud melted
Dissolving like shivers of frost
Into the liquid blue.



mary rihacek
junior



dennis douglas
senior



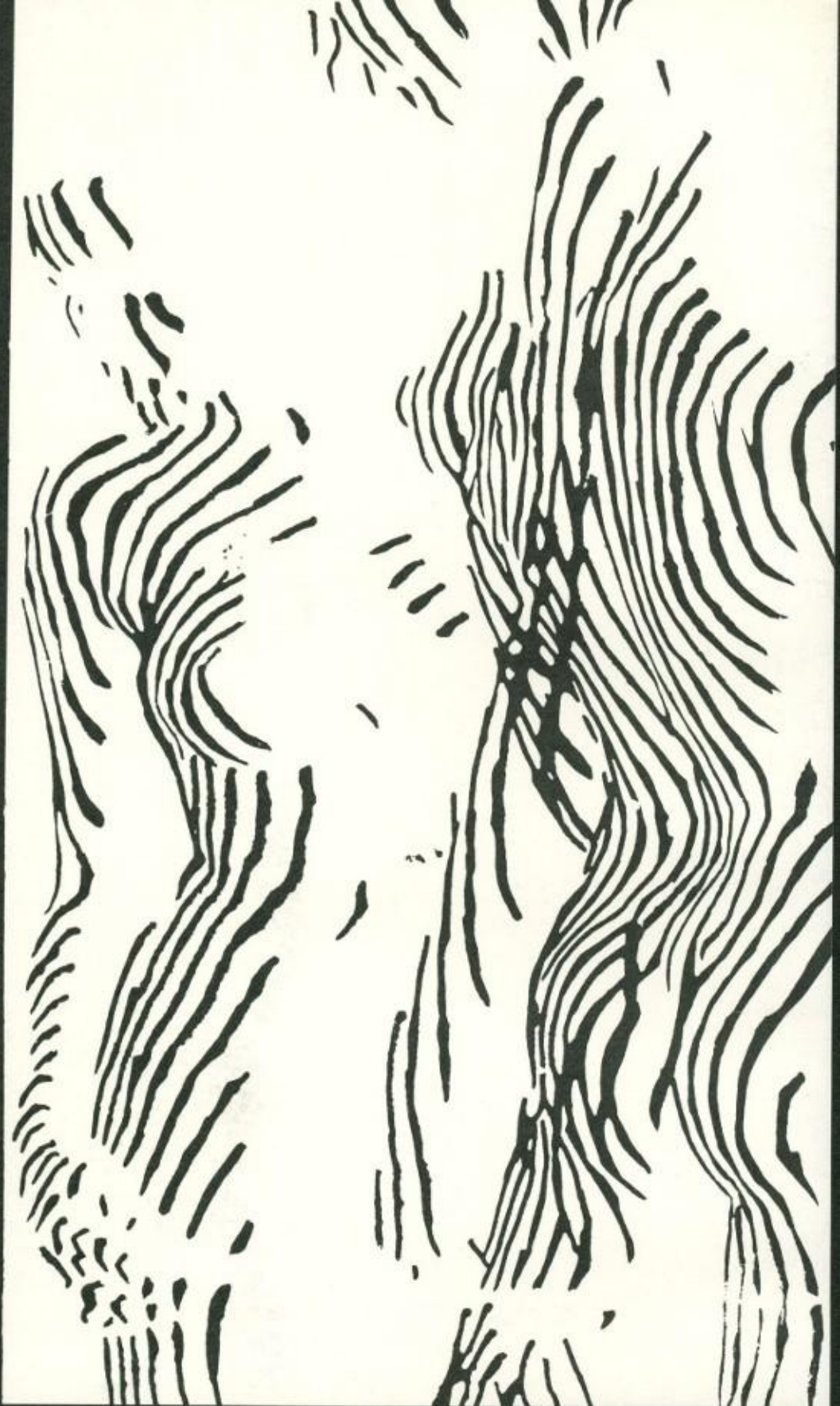
sue lykowski
senior

oh god they've
cut down the trees like so many
wooden soldiers
who were my comrades in
childhood wars
(and kept watch over my older peace)
oh jesus they
buried all those violets like
virgins vestal:
retired, with no more need for their
purple robes.
oh help me they've
taken all the grass where i
used to lie,
(after childish wars and walking
with the vestals)
tell
me
whose heaven this concrete road
will
be?

sally nagel
junior

dennis douglas
senior





cyndi austin
senior

emptiness

To have never loved
Is an emptiness
That is painful and hard.
But to have lost a love
Is an emptiness
Beyond pain,
Because you know
What it is
That you lost.

felicia scheig
senior

I sit in my chair.
 My favorite chair.
 I escape from reality
 Through mindful dreams
 and television.
 I can't face up to truth
 Because I am afraid of it.
 I am alone.
 I have millions of friends.
 Always a smile and a hello.
 Yet no comfort . . . Why?

I sit in my chair.
 My favorite chair.
 I've run out of escapes.
 Of mindful dreams
 and the television is black,
 For it is late.
 I must face up to the truth
 But I am afraid.
 I am alone.
 I reach for a bottle of friends.
 They are smiling and saying hello.
 I feel comfort . . . And no more whys!

Yet this is for only a time.

Then . . .
 Once more . . .
 I am . . .
 Alone . . .

paula ewing
 junior



steve moulton
 freshman

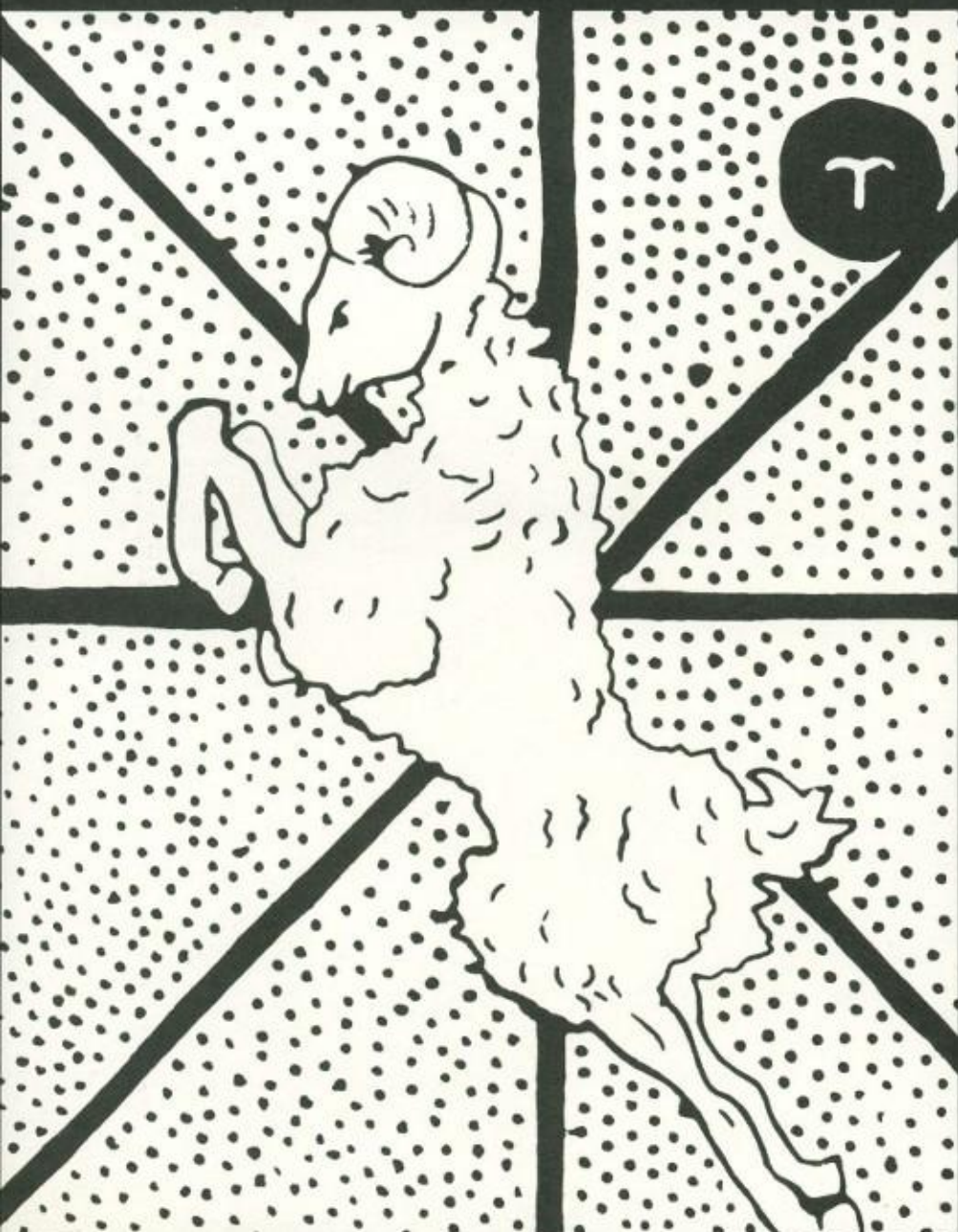
reflection

Turn around and look backward
To things gone on before.
Remember, not the awkward,
But the lovely filled with more
Than we had ever dreamed
Or suspected, I am sure.

felicia scheig
senior



pat hanna
sophomore



kim cullen
senior

Once more I am lost.
Reality has become
a state of mind.
Existence has taken on
fantastic dimensions.
I can only sleep.
For only through sleep
can I become as I was—
As I was meant to be.
But sleep is like
An elusive butterfly
Letting me draw near
But quickly taking flight
should I chance too close
My mind and body are numb.
Sounds are only memories
of what once was,
but will never be.
The loneliness that dwells
Within my tomb of silence
Engulfs me and drinks itself
Into the depths
of my soul.

Oh God, I need him so.

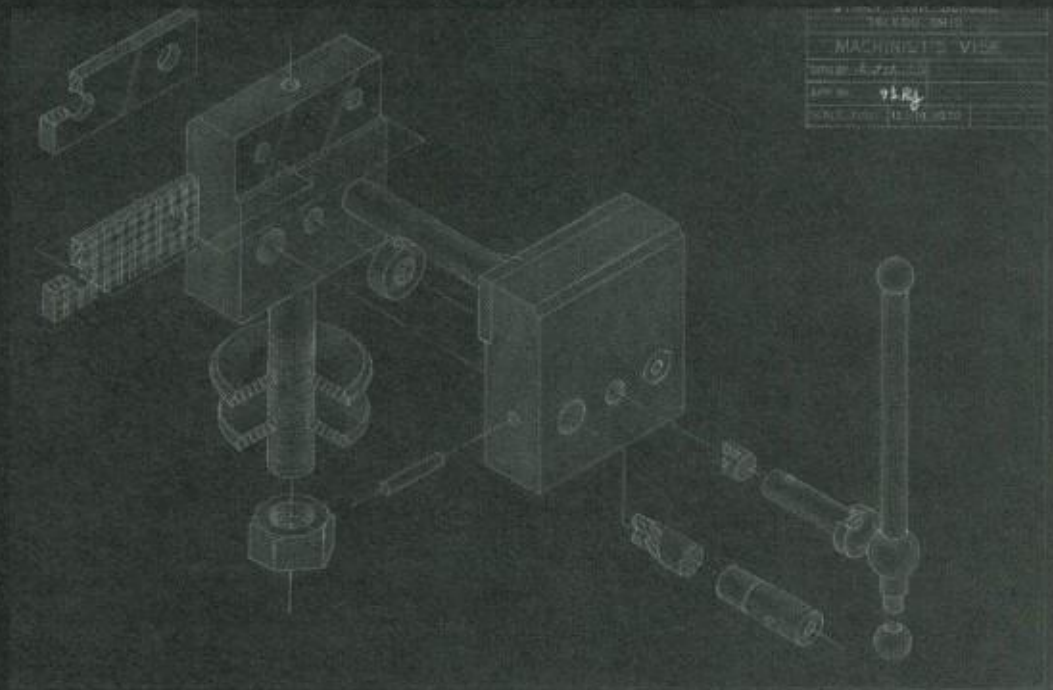
karen crye
junior



joe kunkle
senior



joe kunkle
senior



christ theodorou
sophomore

Here I sit
 amid the millions
 people hurrying
 feet scurrying
 voices talking
 legs walking
 chests sighing
 lips lying
 voices singing
 ears ringing
 eyes seeing
 no one being
 minds blowing
 I'm knowing
 I'm alone.

Here I sit
 away from the millions
 insects crawling
 birds calling
 creatures living
 love giving
 mothers caring

michele moisio
 sophomore

children daring
 all sharing
 their world with me.
 And I am not alone.

gail scott
 junior





john reid
freshman

the road ahead

I walk the road ahead, where time has
come and time has gone and where
the imprints of progress have hardened
into ruts. Some shallow, some deep,
but all real and existing. Many have
strided where I now walk, and many
have fallen to lay like the stagnant
pools of the past. If I fall I will not lay,
but will stand and move and take each
step of life, each touch of soul to soil.

ralph schade
senior

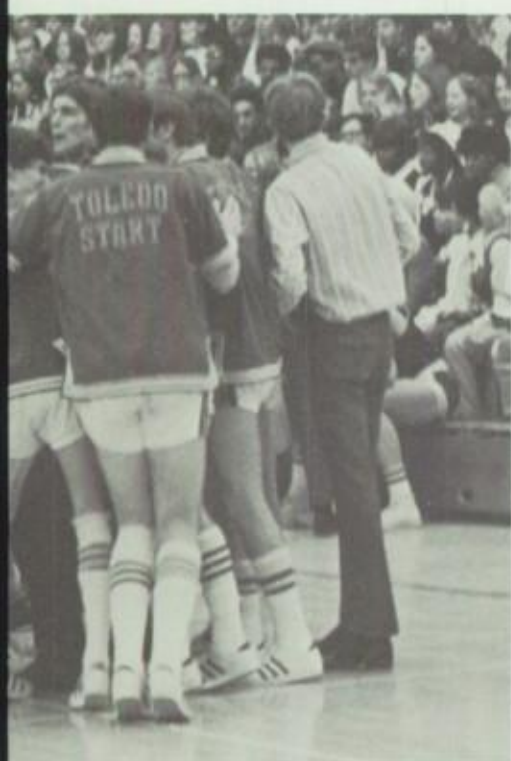
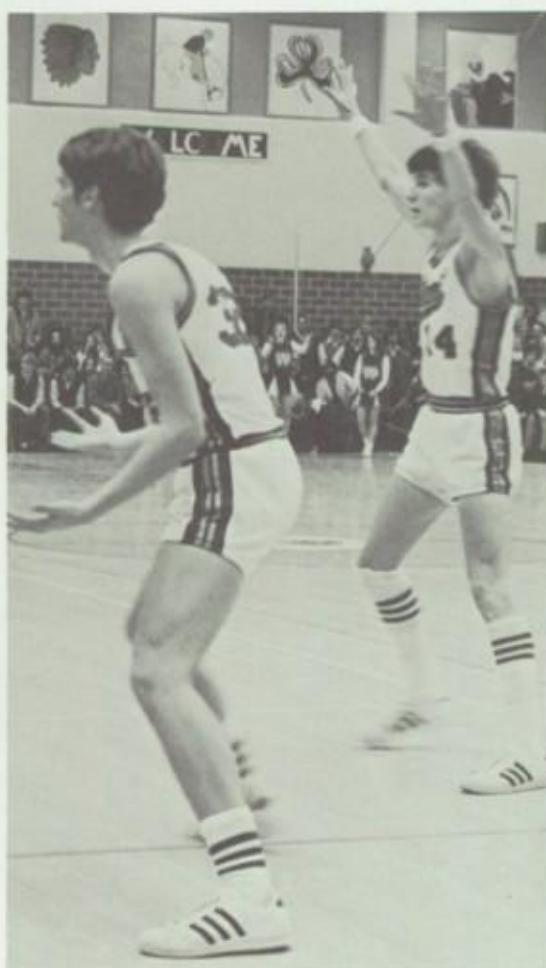
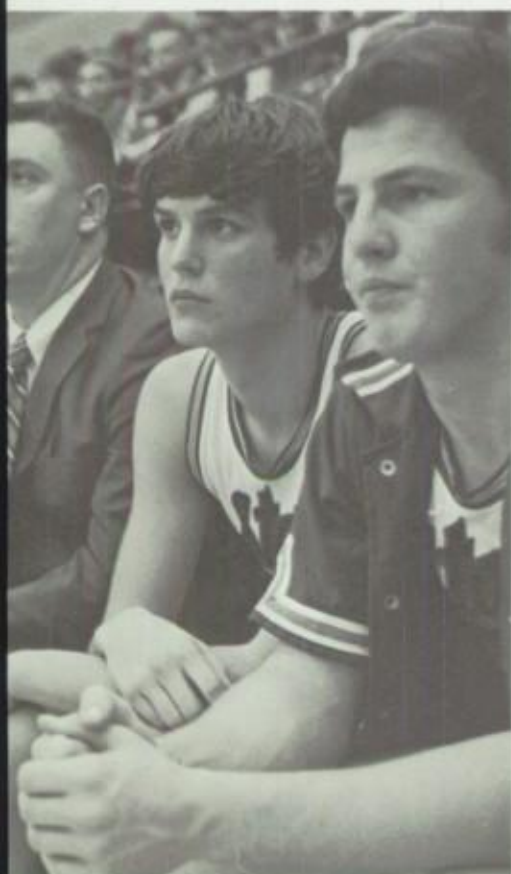


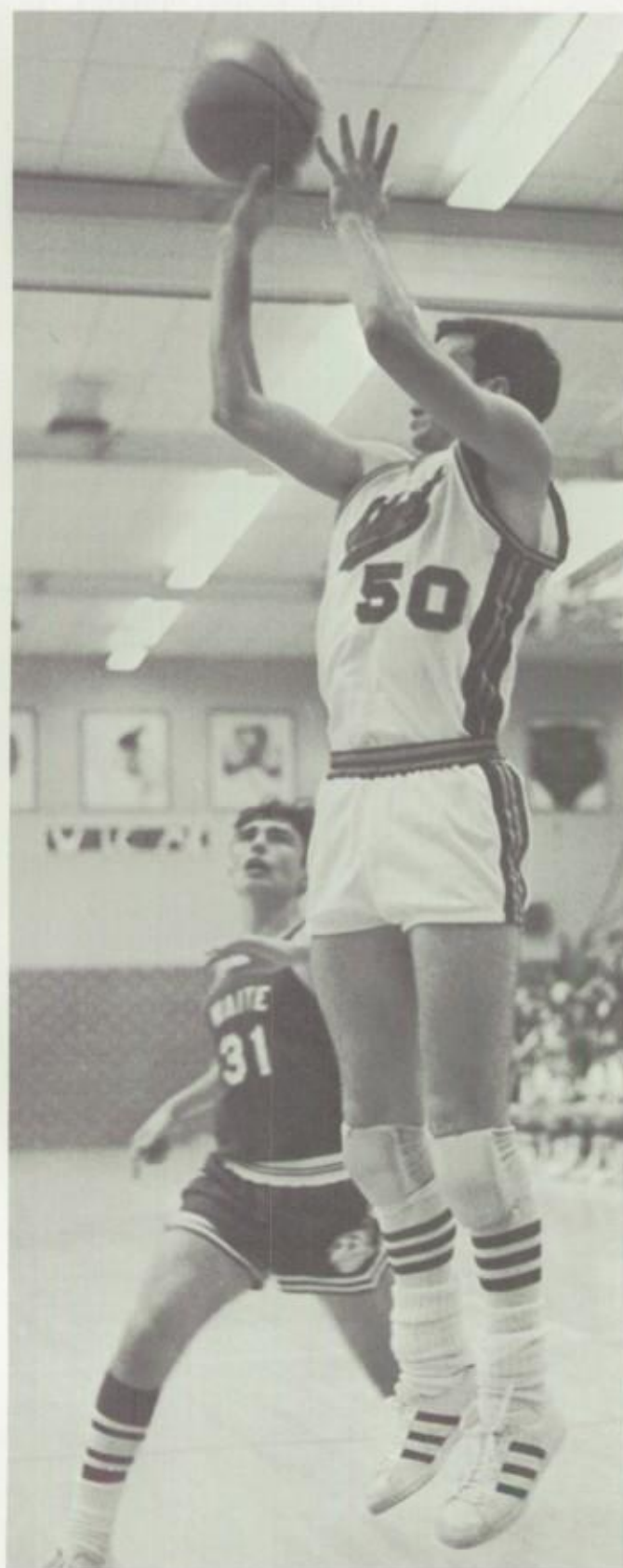
dennis douglas
senior

varsity basketball

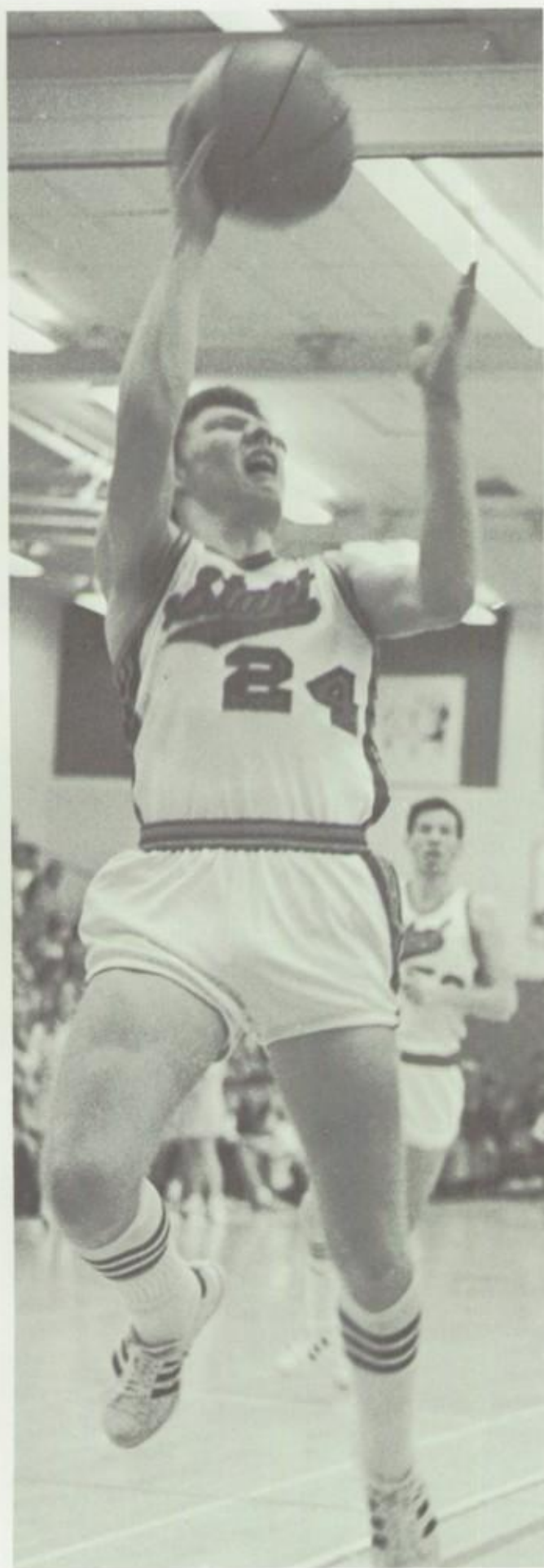
Boy, I wish I didn't go to this school. We never win anything at this place. Why couldn't we just win a couple of games in one sport—"this just in—St. John's has beaten Woodward and now Start has a berth in the City Championships"—Boy, what a school, what a team. I knew we could do it all along. Man, am I proud to be a Spartan. The Start High basketball team had their best season ever in the history of the school. Led by senior Bill Bradish and the city's leading scorer, Craig Lynch, they won the blue division title, sectional championship, and runner up in the District tournaments. Bill Bradish and Bill Kemp took second team and honorable mention, respectively, all-city, while Craig Lynch was the only unanimous choice for all city. Craig also was first team all northwestern and third team all Ohio. Kemp received the scholastic trophy, while Craig was voted M.V.P. The team only graduates one player this year, so it should make next year very promising.



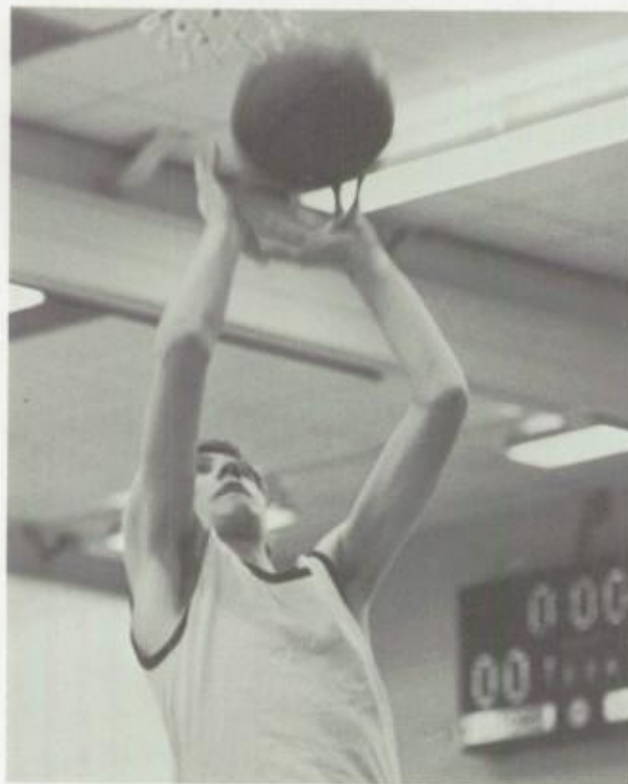


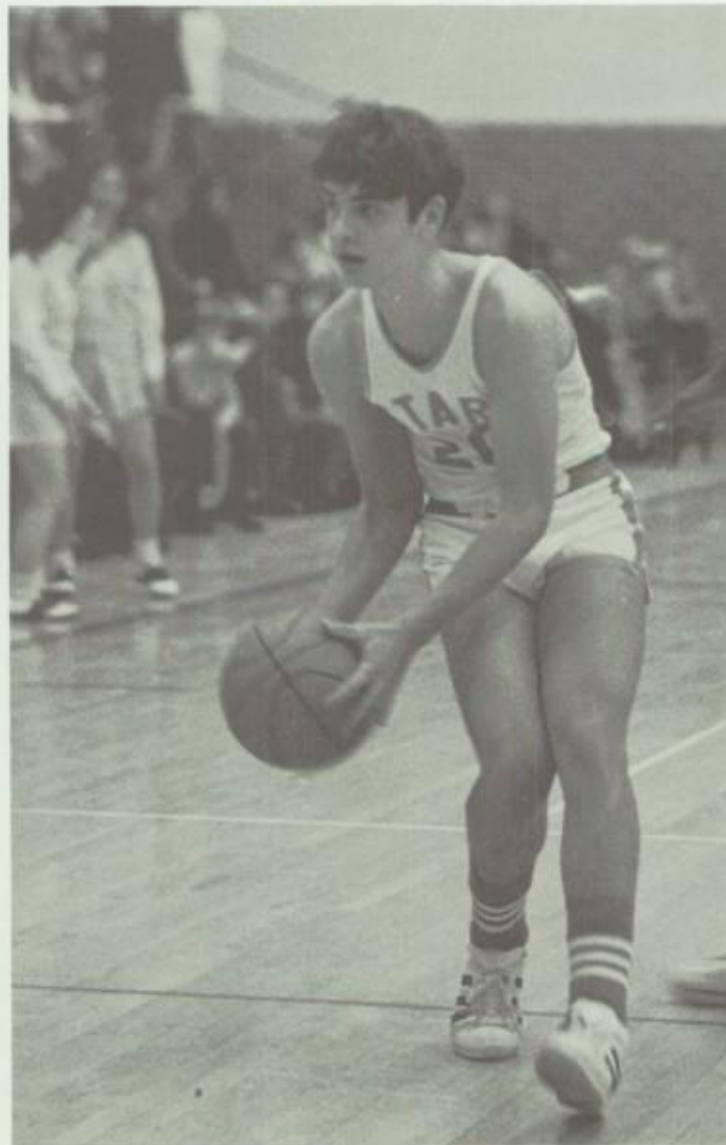


Craig Lynch—All City
All Northwestern
3rd Team All Ohio



j.v. and frosh basketball





intramurals





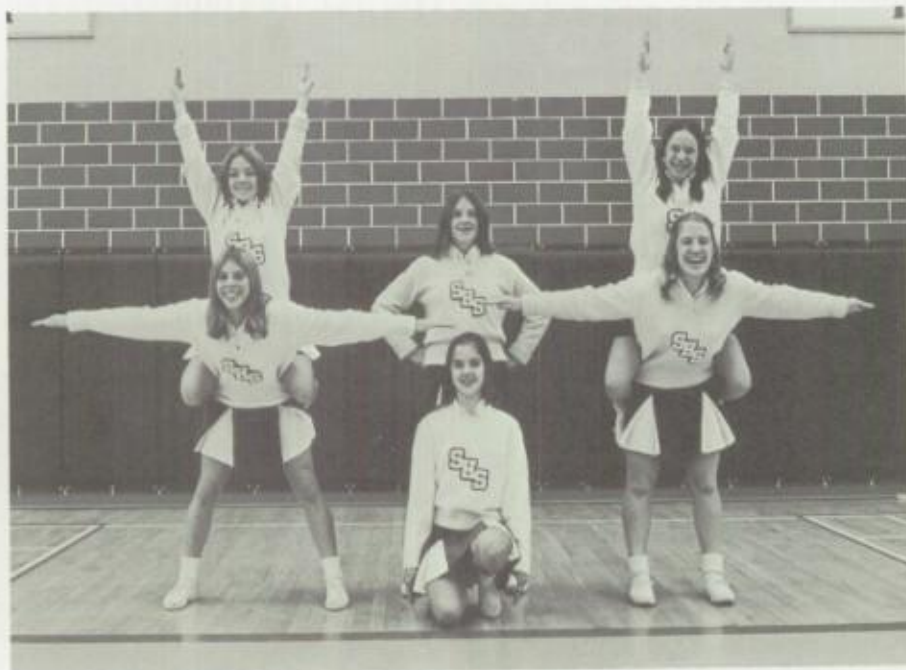




spirit week

Baby pictures, signs and pin-ons ...
 Careful planning, homeroom decorating ...
 Green and gold, awards,
 Pep band, pep assembly
 Mrs. Sanzenbacher's poem
 "Paint the Spirit Rock" ...
 Spirit Week 1971 ...

Freshman Cheerleaders—Row 1: G. Lair, L. Randall, A. Kasch. Row 2: J. Love, K. Loomis, G. Johnson.



Connie Ash



Sheri Sprague



Debbie Zachman



Carol Castor, Captain.

J. V. Cheerleaders—Row 1: L. Shook. Row 2: E. Urbanski, P. Schultz, K. Carstensen, N. Hardy. Row 3: D. Patterson.



Debbie Kaiser



Tina Hady

cheerleaders

Barnie, Coshocton—ugh!, 276 carbohydrates . . .
 Girls, girls, girls—That's all I see.
 Hide the mattress! Hud Lud Lud . . .
 Eggs and syrup, "What's your secret?"
 It had to be ten miles . . . It's a reproduction
 Will you rent me one sweatsock?
 Here comes the mighty gophers!
 Fifteen cold watermelons, 7:15 exercises . . .
 Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head
 We're the Spartans.
 I can't point my toes . . .
 I'll be the dog.
 Love, smiles, and tears . . .



Connie Spevak



Kathy Kramer



Richard Brittain



Sharon Hall



Ralph Schade



Janet Johnson

seniors of distinction

Eleven seniors
with the most service points
based on all recorded
activities.

From different facets
of school life . . .

Sports,
student council,
class activities,
publications,
scholarship . . .
Representative of all.

Susan Kemp, David Chamberlain



Diane Graalman

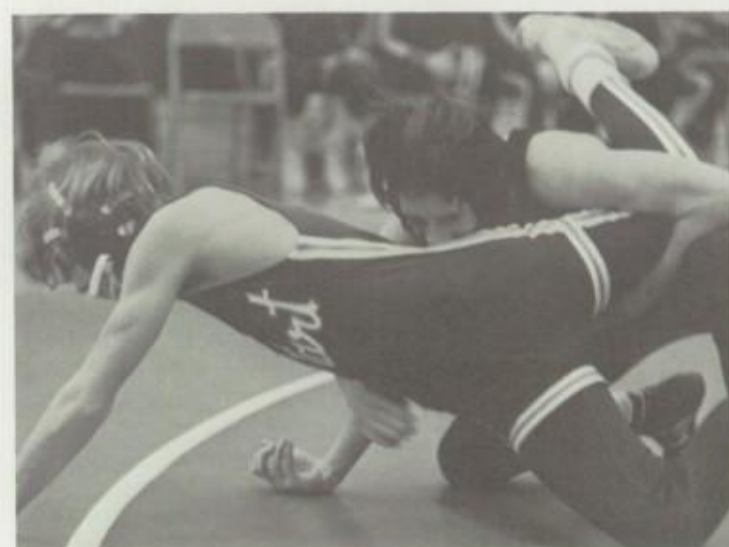
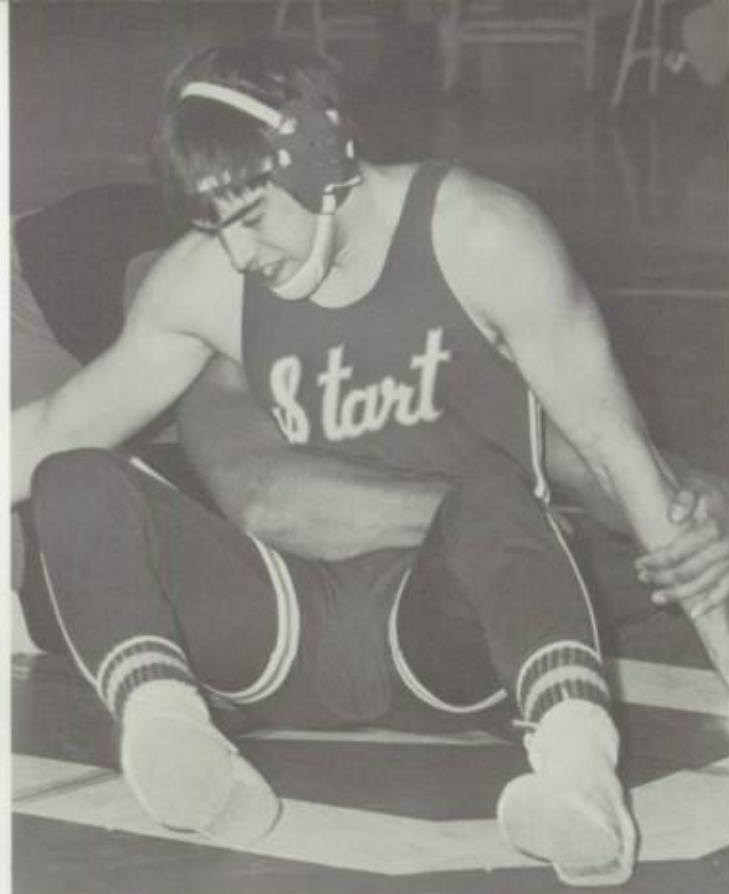


Timothy Breier



Lynne Lewandowski

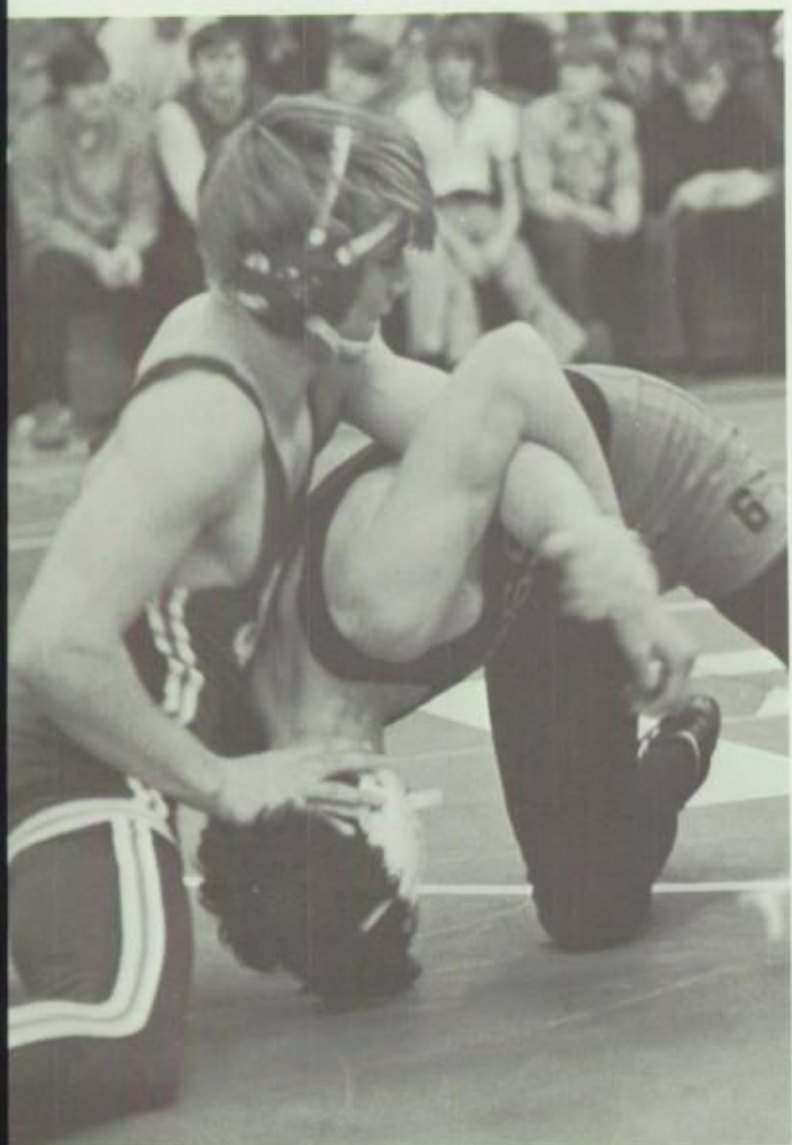
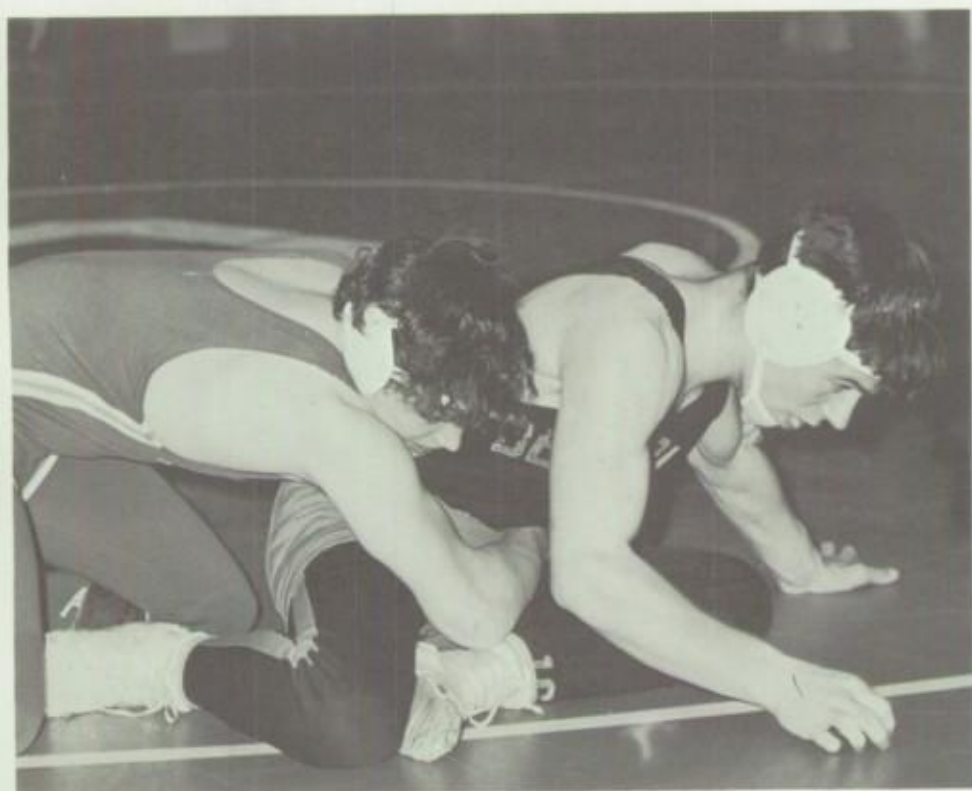


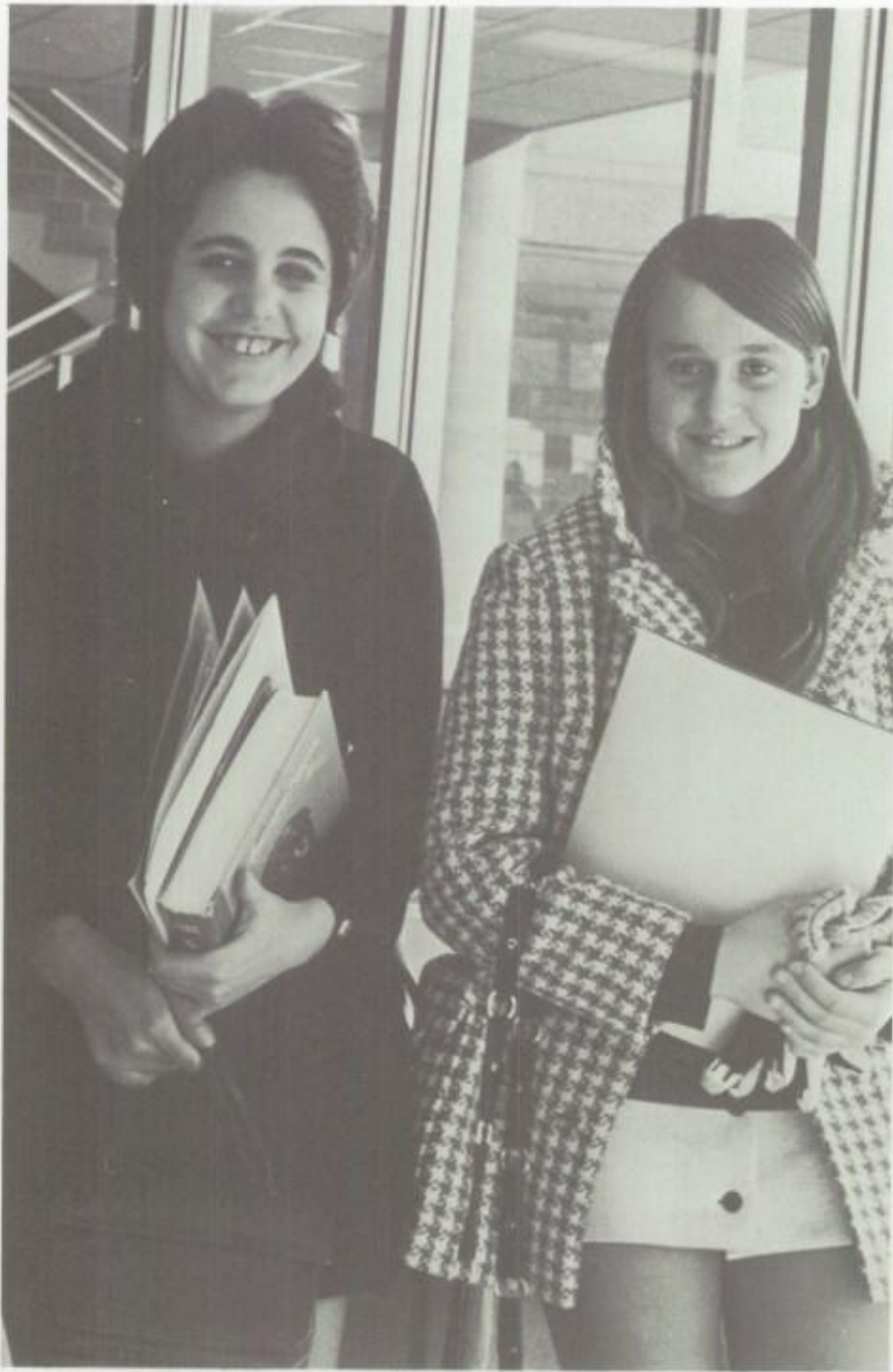


wrestling

Throughout life a person is always faced with pressures and with the competition of life itself. The same is true in sports and wrestling in particular. In wrestling it's more than school against school or team against team but more of man against man. In no other sport can one participate as a team member and as an individual also. The one man who showed most the true concept of a wrestler was MVP John Gaertner, who, through his efforts, made it to the district tournament. Jim Steedman earned the scholastic trophy. The team was 6 and 5 for the season and will have many experienced wrestlers returning which should improve next year's record.







Veronica Elissetche—Chile



foreign exchange students

Viajeras de otros países
construyendo puentes sobre la distancia
de lenguas extranjeras,
costumbres diferentes y vistas variadas.
Memorizando las caras,
descubriendo a la gente,
creciendo como individuos,
mientras comprendiendo juntos.
Formando las relaciones entre amigos
y la humanidad.



Gina Morchio—Chile





beyond the rainbow

February 27, 1971 . . .

"Beyond the Rainbow"

A step over the bridge,
a visit by the falls,
a stroll through the garden . . .

Where's the punch?

Two left feet . . .

A new dress . . . semiformal . . . formal . . .

Ribbet, ribbet . . .

Money does grow on trees . . .

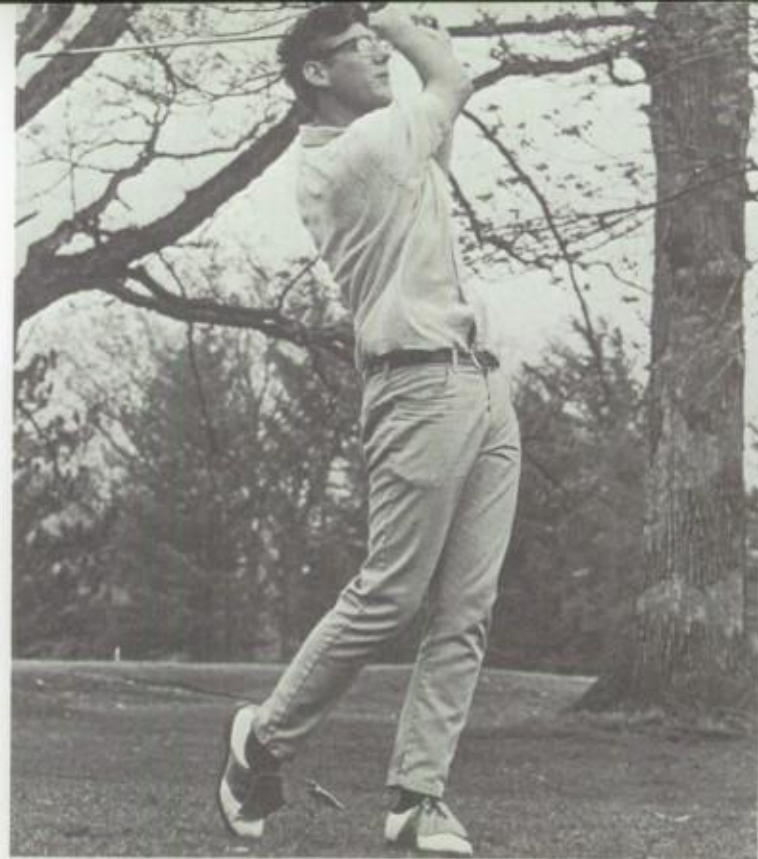
Once around the floor
to the Charles McDaniel Orchestra . . .

Just plain fantastic . . .



golf

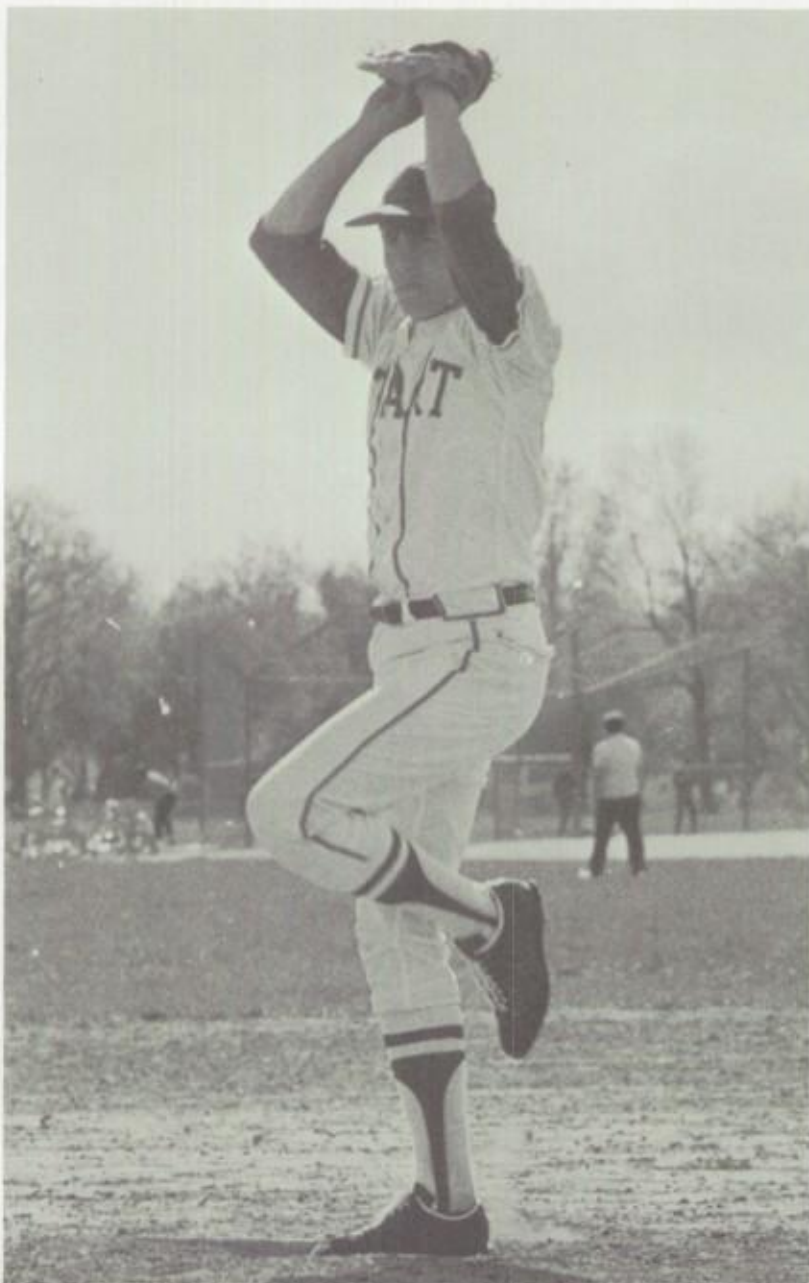
Skill, a willingness to work, and a love of tension are qualities which are good to have in a world like ours. All too often short tempers and pressure lead to unachieved goals, but through teamwork and a love of the sport success is easy to attain. This has been the most thrilling season for Coach Kroggel and his young men. A team composed mostly of seniors, the golfers traveled to Columbus to the state tournament, a first for any Start team. For the last weeks in May, the team was never out of ties or out of the cup. The team was led by first team all-city Dick Hense and second team all-city Ted Banish. Mark Wallington was presented the scholastic trophy while Hense earned the MVP trophy.

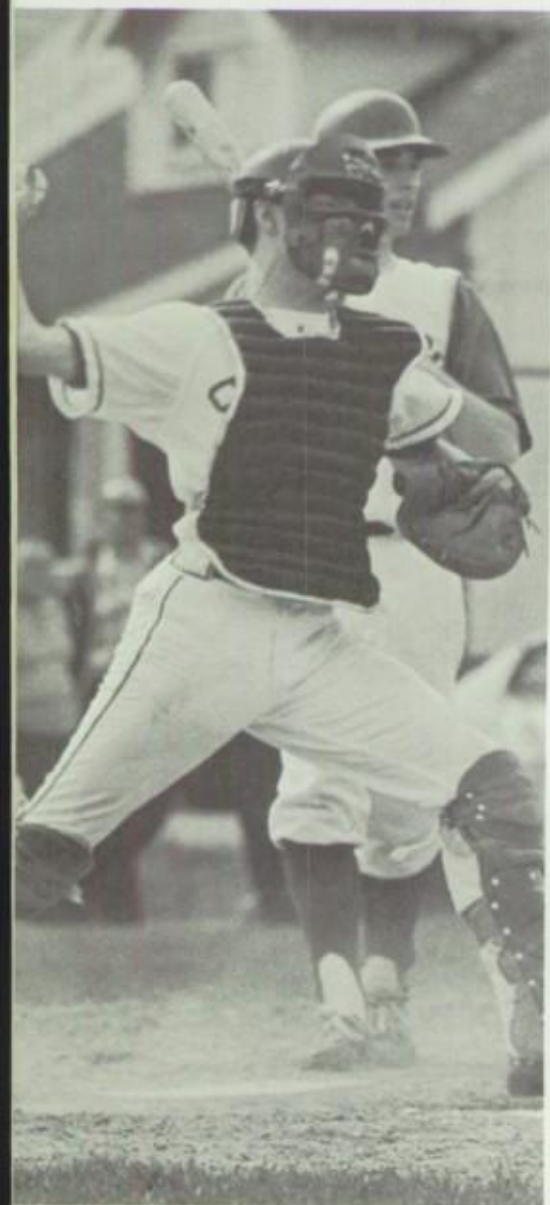




Richard Hense—All City

Jeff Myers—All City



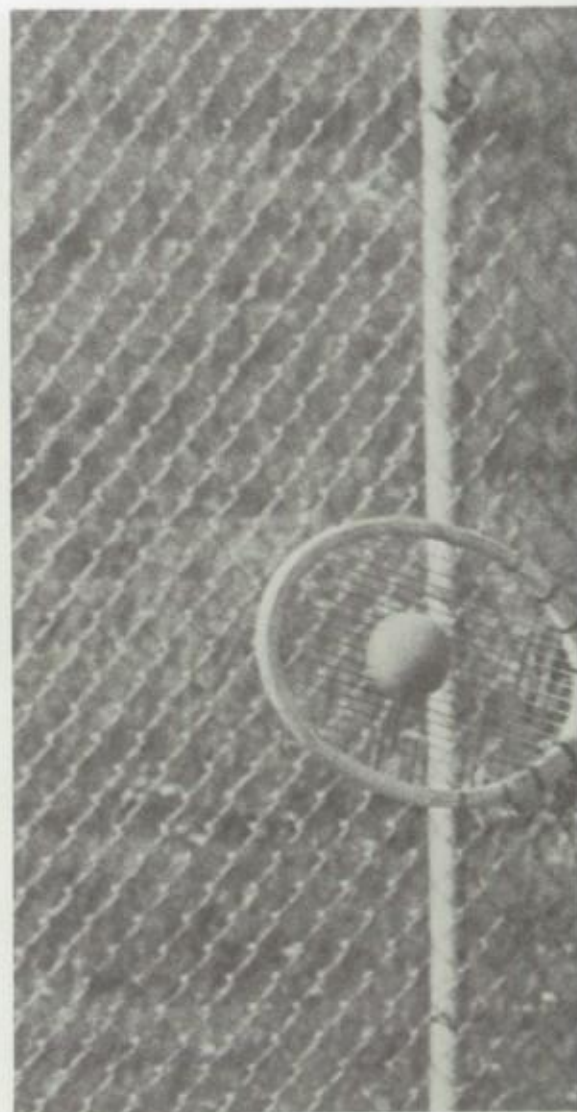


baseball

When a person participates in a competitive sport, many times his hopes and dreams are built up and up and then his anticipations turn to disaster. This person feels like his world has just ended and that his pride is destroyed.

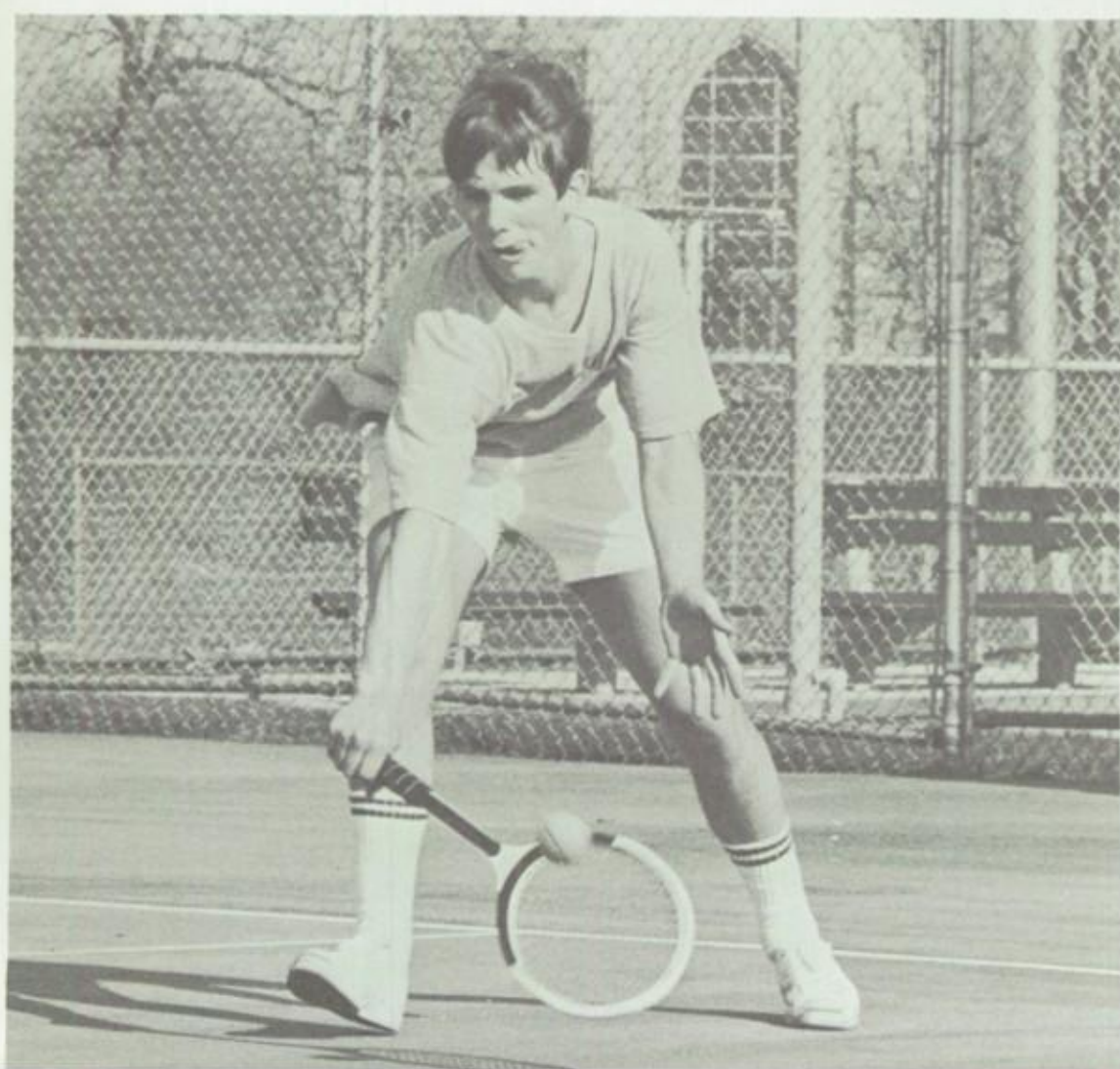
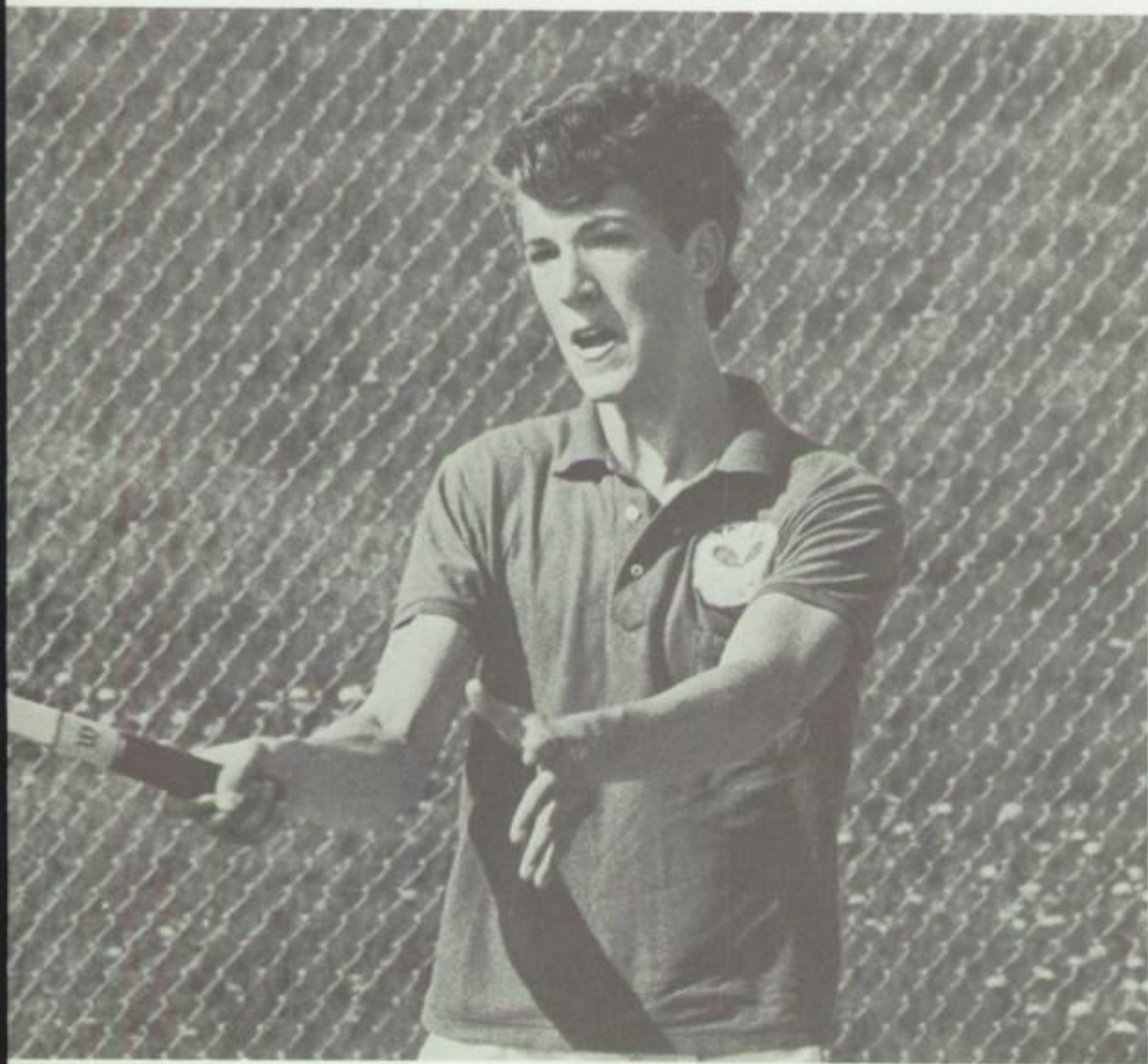
A team composed mostly of juniors had its ups and downs. They were in contention for the championship down to the final weeks. The team was led by Bill Bradish, Chuck Northrup, Steve Senn, Ken Carstensen, and Jeff Myers. Ken Carstensen was the scholastic winner and Jeff Myers MVP. Jeff also received first team all-city utility.

tennis



Zap! Wow what a shot.
 This guy is really tough. Pow!
 Oops, that's one more for him, that makes the score 6 to 0.
 Man, I wish I had worked a little harder in practice last week. Zam!
 Gosh, he's killing me with his overhand.
 I'll have to start working a little harder next week.
 This has been an off year for the court bouncers
 but they had their fun.
 With a mixture of seniors and underclassmen
 they went to a 6-6 season.
 Steve Hall received the scholastic award
 while Tom Fought racketed the MVP award.
 There will be four lettermen returning.
 It would have been five but a star player
 was lost to another city and another school.







track

To be defeated by another man or another team
 is a feeling that no person can explain.
 You feel like you will explode with anger and jealousy . . .
 but you don't. You keep your cool
 and when your friends come up to you to say
 that although the team did terrible—you were great,
 the taste of defeat is forgotten.
 Although this was one of the worst seasons for the
 trackmen they never gave up.
 They worked hard all year through rain and sunshine.
 The team was hampered by injuries to important people,
 but that didn't stop them from competing.
 Tom Koinis received the scholastic trophy
 while Mark Stender was voted MVP.

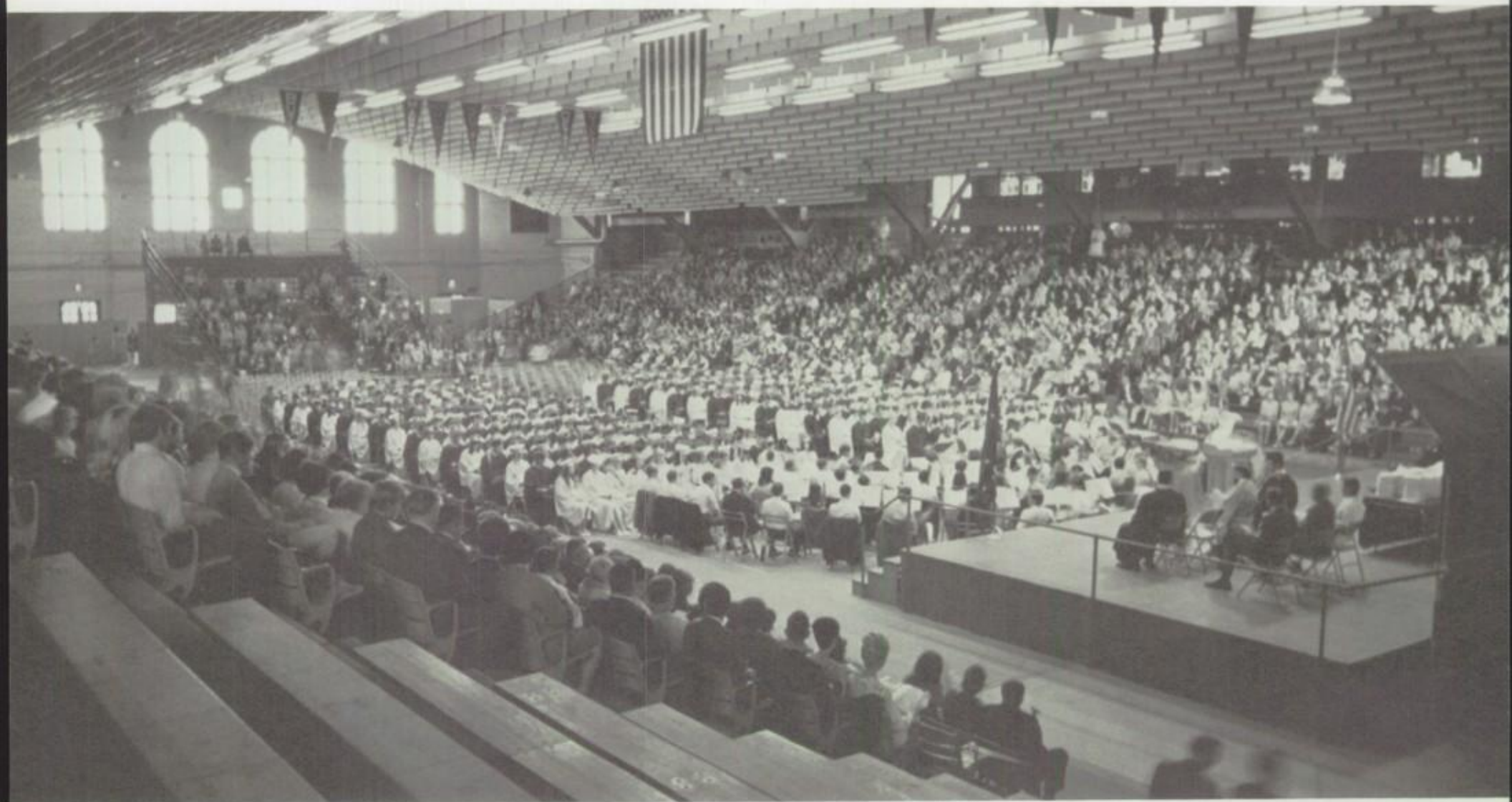


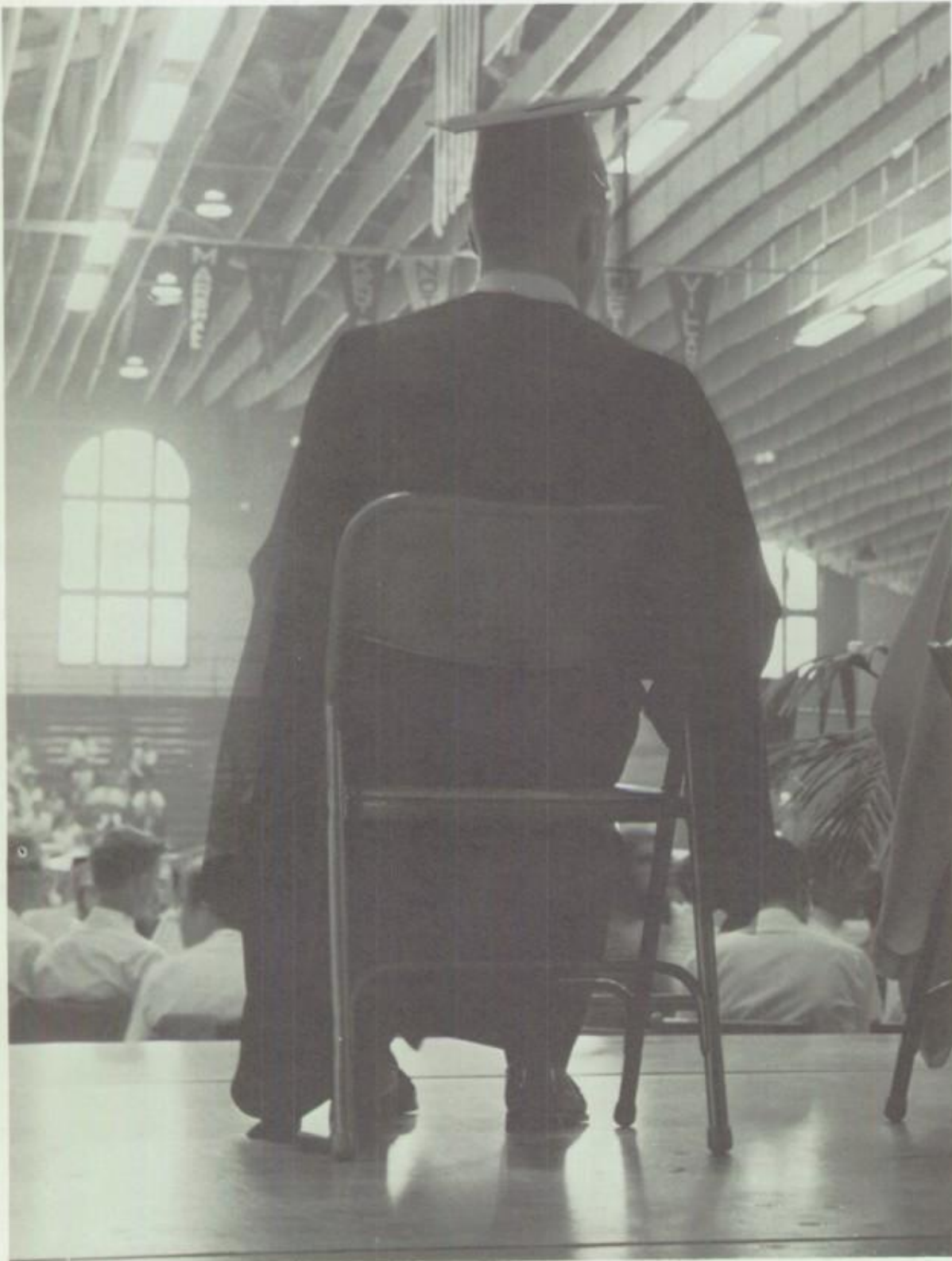
Mark Stender—All City





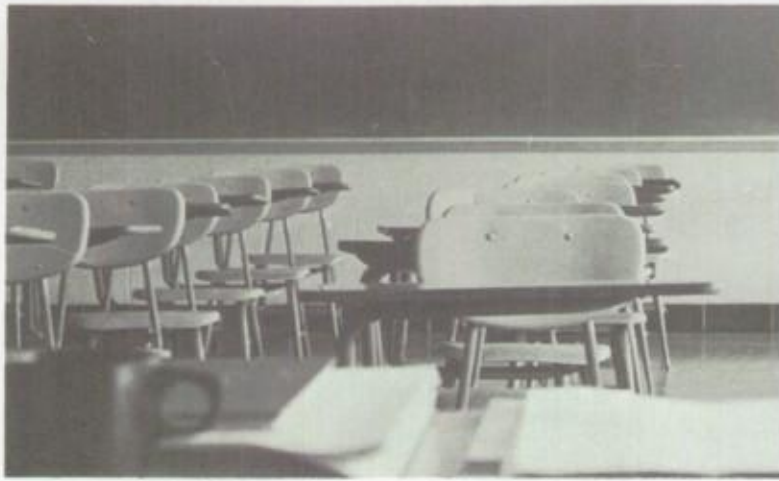
prom, baccalaureate,
commencement . . .

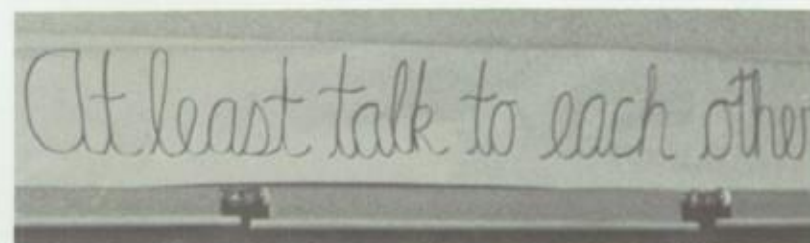




assemblage

Prom 1971 . . .
 Commencement moved up . . . Great!
 Where's the prom going to be held?
 Meeting today . . . 109
 Where is everybody?
 Banana sale? You're kidding . . .
 Sock Hops, and no one there . . .



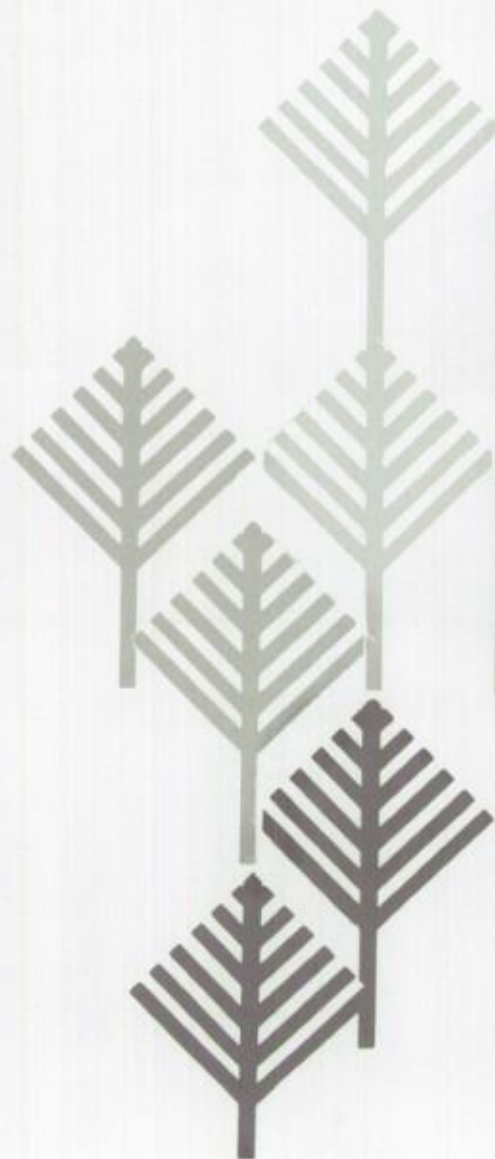


To have a friend
is to be the person you are.
Discard your plastic facade,
and discover yourself.
Reach out to fuse as one.
Reflections in a glass mirror,
unbound emotions,
liberalized expressions—

individualism in unity . . .



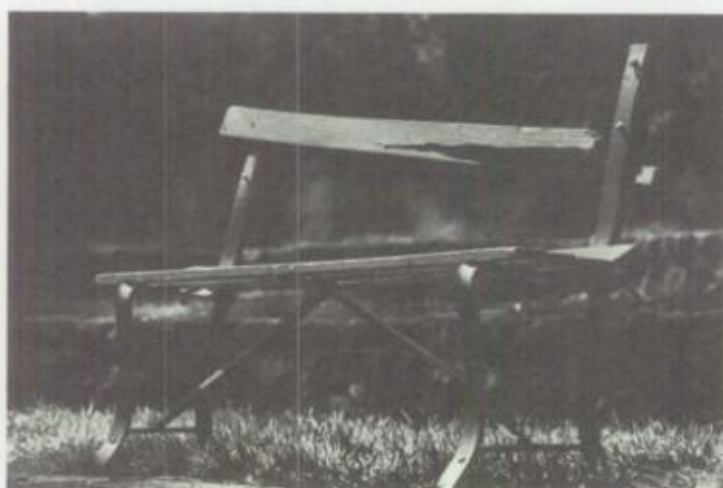




Love descends from hatred,
 hope descends from despair
 when you use yourself
 as an instrument of peace.
 Through your own feelings of life
 a new belief is made strong
 within yourself and the world.
 Loving this dream in reality,
 living this dream in reality,
 and not caring in which direction
 you cast a glance for learning . . .
 Gathering knowledge at every crossroad,
 seeking no boundaries in an infinite universe.







Embraced, the lovers desperately try to fuse their insulated ecstasies into a single self-transcendence; in vain. By its very nature every embodied spirit is doomed to suffer and enjoy in solitude.

A. Huxley

